

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, Proprietor.

Over the Way.

BY A. A.

My little little Lillie, true hearts say,
Grows prettier, fairer, every day,
Her joys are sweet when love darts its ray,
My dearest one lives over the way.

Lillie is fairest for a happy day,
Her heart is peaceful, love finds its play,
Life is wondrous, emotions obey,
My faithful one lives over the way.

Smiles are kisses in her morn of day,
To drive unhappiness far away,
The purest heart is modest and gay,
My angel one lives over the way.

Gold in the Black Hills.

The Black Hills, or Cheyenne Mountains, are a detached spur of the Rockies lying between the two forks of the Cheyenne River, whose confluence is near their eastern boundary. The North Cheyenne, or Belle Fourche, flowing from a point in Wyoming Territory west of and nearly opposite the center of the Hills, bears off to the northeast and then to the southeast, while the South Cheyenne separates the Hills from the Southern plains. The area thus embraced is about 5,000 square miles, and may be divided into three parts—rugged mountains, containing mineral veins and deposits, grass-covered foothills and prairies, capable of supporting enormous herds of cattle, and fertile valleys, which, with or without irrigation, will produce all the grain, hay, potatoes and other vegetables that the future population of the Black Hills can consume.

The mountains proper, as distinguished from the foothills, cover about two-thirds of the area to which the name Black Hills applies. These are generally steep, covered with pine forests or the bare trunks of trees that have been killed by fires, and separated from each other by gulches and canyons through which small streams flow. These mountains are remarkably rich in minerals, although they have not been sufficiently explored to make it possible to estimate the value of their deposits. The gold mines are most developed, but there are silver mines rich enough, in promise, at least, to induce men who have capital and experience to purchase them and invest their money in expensive mills for reducing the ores. Specimens of very rich copper ore have also been found, but I have heard of no mines being worked. Salt deposits have been uncovered, and machinery is now on the way to the Hills to enable the owner of one mine to try the experiment of manufacturing salt from the rock. Coal has been found in considerable quantities, and is now being tested in the gold mines near Deadwood. The gold mines exceed all others in value, and will probably continue to do so as long as there is mining in the Black Hills, but some of the other mineral deposits are of such character and promise as to invite capital and enterprise in their development.

The foothills are covered with the richest and most nutritious grasses. Unlike the plains, where the grass roots stand apart, leaving small spots of bare ground between them, the carpet is close and thick at the bottom like the grass of a meadow in the East, and when cut shows a heavy sward, and cures either standing or as hay, retaining its bright green color and its rich juices. These foothills, where the land is too dry for cultivation and water for irrigation is not available, are excellently adapted for grazing. The grass furnishes good feed all winter, and the winds blow the snow off from the hills while it lies in the valleys, and the numerous canyons and bluffs afford shelter for the cattle during storms. No one now feeds or shelters his cattle in the winter; the value of individual animals that may die from exposure is not great enough to warrant the extra expense of such care. At the same time I am inclined to think that in the end a little feeding and shelter would pay in the better condition the cattle would be in the spring and that better prices would be realized. It is estimated that there are now 100,000 head of cattle in the hills, but the grass seems hardly to have been touched. Stock-raising will eventually become one of the most important industries in the region.

The arable lands of the Black Hills are from 500 to 600 square miles in extent, and consist of bottom lands along the streams and prairies and lower slopes of the foothills below the watercourses. The former generally need no artificial irrigation, but the latter require more water than the rains furnish and that is available in sufficient quantity in the brooks and creeks. The agricultural lands are of marvelous richness. I shall write more at length about them in another letter, describing a visit to several of the most beautiful valleys.

The Black Hills were in the heart of the Sioux country until February, 1877, and were so jealously guarded by the Indians that white people who visited them did so at the peril of their lives. They had a superstition that the Great Spirit never intended these mountains for the habitation of man. The terrific thunder storms which are frequent here, perhaps had something to do with this belief. They said that the Great Spirit had covered the Hills with trees to furnish the Indians with tepee poles, and filled the foothills with antelope and deer to supply him with food when the buffalo were scarce; and they frequently made excursions here, but never remained long. From one end of the Hills to the other, I am told, there are nowhere to be found the evidences of a long campment of Indians. The Sioux have known of the existence of gold in the Black Hills for many years. A third of a century ago, it is said, they showed to Father De Smet, the Roman Catholic mission-

ary who spent his life amongst them, and in whom they had the most implicit confidence, large nuggets which they had picked up in the gulches. He warned them not to show these nuggets to white men, as it would arouse their cupidity and cause the Indians to be driven out of the country. Nevertheless, rumors of the mineral wealth of the Hills did get abroad, and evidences have been found that a few adventurers came here in search of gold many years ago, and actually began to work the placers. They were probably all massacred by the Indians.

Several Government expeditions were made into the Black Hills before that of General Custer, in the summer of 1874, and the report of each showed the presence of gold and other minerals. The first of these was that of Captain Bonneville in 1834. General Harney came in here in 1855, and the highest peak in the Hills was named in his honor. Other expeditions led by Warren visited the Hills in 1856-57, by Dr. Hayden in 1858-59, and by General Sully in 1864. The dates of these visits I give on the authority of a resident of this city, as I have access to no records by which I can verify them. I have said that the explorations of each of those parties proved the presence of gold in these mountains; but no excitement was caused by their reports, because no one supposed that the precious metal existed here in sufficient quantities for profitable working. General Custer's expedition in 1874 is still remembered by most newspaper readers. The practical miners who accompanied him reported excellent "prospects," that is, that in washing out the gravel of the streams in pans they obtained gold in sufficient quantities to make it pay for working. The reports of these miners were received with incredulity in the East; and during the winter of 1874-75, the question was widely discussed whether there was gold in the Black Hills or not.

So great was the public interest in the discoveries reported by those who accompanied General Custer, that in the summer of 1875 the Interior Department sent out an exploring expedition in charge of Professor Jenny, a young geologist. He came into the Hills with a train and escort, went pretty far over them, and made a map of the country. He discovered gold in many places, and more than confirmed Custer's reports of the previous year. Professor Jenny did not visit Deadwood and Whitehead Gulches, the timber being so thick that he could not get to them with his train. But the adventurous placer miners of the West did not wait for a scientific report upon the country, but braving the hostilities of the Indians and other dangers, they began to settle along the streams of the Hills in the summer of 1875, and to wash out the gold dust. The Government forbade all persons to enter this country, and the President, I believe, issued a proclamation warning people against invading the territory that had been set apart for the Indians. But it is impossible to keep an old placer miner out of gulches where there are "pay streaks"; he will go through fire and water to reach new diggings. Hundreds of men came in here in spite of the proclamation and in spite of the orders to military commanders to arrest people found on the road or in the Hills. The soldiers even came to the Black Hills, and going up and down the gulches, gathered up the miners, confiscated their provisions, and took them to Fort Laramie or to the military posts on Upper Missouri. But the adventures could take them only so far, and most of them were released, as they all were when a military station was reached, came directly back if they had money enough to procure provisions. The Government having told the people through its exploring expeditions that there was gold in the Black Hills, could not keep them out without sending its whole army to guard the avenues of approach, and the policy of forcible removal was abandoned about the middle of November.

The men who came to the Hills in 1875 and the following winter settled principally in the southern part on Spring and French Creeks. Custer City was the most important town, and Rockerville also became the center of rich placer diggings. The mines in that region were all in the gulches, and during the first year considerable quantities of gold dust were taken out. I have not visited that region, but I have been told by a gentleman whose experience and scientific attainments I have every reason to believe are reliable, that there are on Spring and French Creeks the largest placer deposits in the world. He saw a man dig up a wagon-load of the gravel and haul it to a small creek, where he washed out \$46 worth of gold from it. The deposits, this gentleman says, he has examined for a distance of fifteen miles in length and twelve miles in width. It is not all as rich, by any means, as the wagon-load of which he spoke. Gold always runs in streaks, but the extent of it is very great. It is now not available for the want of water.

When the discoveries of gold in the Deadwood and Whitehead Gulches, on the site of this city, and above and below it, were made, the first workings were very rich, and the fame of them soon attracted the people here from all parts of the Hills. Custer City was almost deserted, and for a year or so Deadwood was one of the liveliest mining camps in the country. But although the placer mines in these two gulches and their tributaries paid well for a time, the prosperity they brought was only temporary, and, if quartz mines had not been discovered and opened, Deadwood would now be a deserted village. Out of fifty placer claims, a dozen or so are now being worked, chiefly by Chinamen who pay to the owners 50 cents a day royalty to each man who works. By carefully washing over the tailings and the gravel which was left because it was "lean," these Chinamen are able to earn from \$1 to \$1.50 a day, and with that they are contented.

The existence of veins of quartz in the hills above Deadwood was known to the early miners here, but none of them seem to have appreciated their

value. When they "prospected" them they showed only from \$2 to \$15 worth of gold to a ton of ore, and nobody seemed to think that ore of that grade would pay for mining and milling. And the first attempts to reduce the quartz here were failures pecuniarily, and none of them can be said to have been really profitable until the California capitalists came here, developed the mines and began to take out and reduce the ore on a large scale. But I shall write more fully hereafter of the great belt of mineral wealth in the new yielding such rich returns to its owners.

Very few valuable quartz gold mines, or mines which by sufficient development have yet been discovered outside of the great belt above this town. One or two mines which promise well are said to have been opened in the Rockford District, about twenty-five miles south of here. I shall visit that region and probably write a letter from there. A new mine has also been discovered near Custer City, from which some astonishingly rich ore has been taken. The reduction of about 800 pounds of that ore and the obtaining from it of gold at the rate of \$147 a ton has caused considerable excitement in Deadwood.

In closing this general description of the Black Hills, I may say that the country looks as though it had been settled ten years instead of three. In the mines it is difficult to realize the possibility of accomplishing, as we have seen in two years, the work that their appearance of newness if they ever had it. Good roads have been built in every direction over and around the Hills, and travel is as safe upon them as upon a New England or a New York turnpike. Two years ago camping equipage was a necessity for the traveler; now there are comfortable wayside inns every twenty-five miles, and frequently at shorter intervals. The game that abounded in the Hills have disappeared, and civilization has almost gained the mastery.

The climate of the Black Hills is, on the whole, delightful. The elevation is sufficient (from 4,000 to 6,000 feet) to make the air pleasant without being too much rarefied for health or comfort. The midday sun is sometimes hot, but on no one of the past ten days has the heat been oppressive, and the nights are delightfully cool. I have slept under blankets every night since I came to Deadwood, and one or two evenings I found a light overcoat comfortable when going out upon the street. The winters here are rather long, the latitude being about that of St. Paul, Minn.; but the towns are all situated in the canyons and surrounded by high mountains, which shield them from the cold winds and temper the rigor of the climate. During the last three years the seasons have been long enough to ripen all kinds of grains and vegetables. During the first year after the settlement of Deadwood there was considerable sickness here, the prevailing disease being the mountain fever. This was probably caused by digging up the gulches, the banks of which in many places were covered with a rank growth of vegetation. There is now probably no more healthful place in the United States than this city, and I know of few more comfortable ones in summer if the climate alone is considered.—Z. L. W., in N. Y. Tribune.

A MISSIONARY'S SELF-SACRIFICE.—The following very suggestive account of a "Home Missionary," experience is by the Rev. Myron Eells, of Washington Territory, from incidents of his travels through S'Kokomis, Seabeek, Elkova, Dugene, and other towns along Hood's Canal, and Admiralty Inlet. The feeling remark by preachers among savages and half-savages that their trials and offenses against cleanliness are as hard to endure as the offenses against godliness, has an illustration here:

Another of our experiences, which is very unpleasant, is with the vermin, especially the fleas which dwell constantly with the Indians and with some of the whites. I stood one evening and preached in one of their houses, when I am satisfied that scratches, every half minute during the service, for all I could, I stood them as long as I could, I could not help it.

I would quietly take up one foot and rub it against the other leg; put my hand in my pocket or behind my back, and treat the creatures as gently as I could, and the like.

Once in a while I am obliged to stay over night in one of their houses in the winter, a thing I seldom do unless there is no white man's house near. Even in summer they are afraid the punkies will eat me up if I sleep outside; but between the fleas, rats and smoke (for they often keep the house full of smoke all night), sleep is not very refreshing, and the next morning I feel more like a piece of bacon than a minister.—American Missionary.

In Secretary Shurz's beautiful library, which no one who has ever entered forgets, says a correspondent of the *Albany Journal*, stands an easel, and on that easel is a life-size portrait in India ink—a face and bust—of marvelous beauty and tenderness. It is more than a picture—it is a presence; and it hallows the apartment with a sense of the "under grace of a day that is dead." No one who knew Mrs. Schurz in her lifetime or who recalls Mrs. Mary Clemmer's touching and tender analysis of her character in the *Independent* shortly after her death, but approaches that picture as if it were a shrine. To the pure and loyal heart of her husband I know it is such; and if you have ever seen him in his library you have felt that the gentle presence became a participator in the interview. Numa had his phylaxia, and St. Galahad his blessed vision; and Carl Schurz, returning to his lonely home at nightfall after days of such intense hard work as few men realize—a work which is to him more than a vocation, even a consecration—opens softly the door of his favorite room, and finds awaiting him those sweetly-following eyes.—Home Journal.

Can a bawling baby be said to have the yell-o-fever.

A Dissatisfied Tramp.

A gentleman attired in clothes which had seen better days called at the *Tribune* office on Saturday with a slip out from the paper, and asked to see the editor. When his request had been complied with, in a measure, he said, with a withering sneer:

"Wot are ye givin' us, young feller, hey? Don't you see what you're printin' in the paper? Look a here!" and he tendered the reporter a printed scrap, which the reporter took between the points of a pair of scissors, and sortimented at a respectable distance.

"This, my friend," said the reporter to the representative of the Hendrick B. Wright interest, "this, my friend, seems to be an interesting item about an impenious gentleman in Winona, Minn., who needed a cucumber bed for his dinner and sawed a cord of wood for his supper, and whose demeanor so impressed the woman of the house that she at once wrote an account of the affair to the *Winona Republican*. Are you the industrious gentleman referred to? Do you want to correct the report?"

"Na-aw," said the visitor, indignantly. "Do I look like a man that would weed a bed of cucumbers?"

"Do you think I could so far forget myself as to split menial wood for the cold buckwheat cakes that fall from the rich man's table?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"Want? This is what I want, and I speak as the representative of about 600,000 American citizens. I want you to stop publishing items like that. If the impression once gets abroad that we fellows are weeding the cucumbers upon a thousand beds and making saw-mills of ourselves for the sake of our board, we'll be ruined. That's what the matter. If you want to find reading that will interest your readers and benefit the struggling poor, just give them some stories about disgraced dukes and Italian marquises and tramps, who were given a square feed of roast chicken and ice cream, with fifteen-cent cigars and a nip of good whisky as grace after meat, and who fifteen weeks afterward, left their generous benefactors \$250,000. That's the sort of literature you fellows want to print. Your readers cry for it, and the farmers sit on the fences for hours waiting to get their mail."

The reporter thanked his visitor for this communication of his views on journalism, and the visitor left.—Chicago Tribune.

The Emperor William is described as asking a very kindly thing during his stay at Ems. A large party of schoolboys headed by their master arrived at Ems to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters, they came trooping along the covered colonnade of the Restaurant Gardens. The emperor, walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boys, saying, "What brought you here, my lads?" "We came to spend a holiday and see the emperor," promptly replied their spokesman.

"To see the emperor? Then have a good look at him!" rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the emperor!" And forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall near by and presented each of them with a photograph of himself.

The provisions for the storage of oil in the Pennsylvania oil regions fall far short of what is required, and while the production is now over 60,000 bbls. per day, it is estimated that at least 10,000 bbls. are allowed to waste daily. At present about 2,000,000 bbls. of tankage is in course of construction, but even that will fail to furnish sufficient facilities for the storage of oil, and small producers will be likely to suffer most seriously.

Forgery is becoming so fashionable that even the children engage in it. In Geneva, New York, a youth of 16 forged his father's name recently to a check for \$1,024, and drawing to his money, ran away to New York to spend it. After his money was all spent he was arrested and held to await the arrival of his father, who telegraphed instructions to detain him. The father ought to invent a more difficult signature or have the boy locked up.

A preacher who had arrived at the Kirk wet through, asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang in, the pulpit is as sure as you can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

Subduing and Avoiding Fever and Ague.

Of all chronic diseases, fever and ague is perhaps the least conquerable by the ordinary resources of medicine. There is, however, a remedy which completely roots it out of the system in any and all its various phases. This celebrated anti-periodic is vegetable in composition, and is not only efficacious, but perfectly safe, a thing that cannot be predicated with truth of quinine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, besides, the most efficient means of defense against malaria, as it endows the physique with an amount of stamina which enables it to encounter malarial influences without prejudice to health. Persons about to visit, or living in, foreign countries, or portions of our own where intermittent or remittent fevers prevail, should not omit to lay in a sufficient supply of the great preventive, both to avert such diseases and disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver common to such localities.

The March of Progress.

In this age there is no excuse for ignorance. Books are read less and less every year, while newspapers are more universally circulated. Take such a brilliant journal as the *San Francisco Weekly Chronicle*, and it will do more to inform and educate a family than a library of five hundred volumes would. Books get behind the times, but thoroughly conducted newspapers keep in the front line of the march of progress. We consider the *Weekly Chronicle* the very best specimen of an American newspaper of the first class that could possibly be named. It should be in every home on the Pacific Coast.

That Headache.

Is no doubt caused by derangement of the system. The liver may be inactive or the kidneys may not remove the impurities from the blood as nature intended. Turner's Regulator will do more to remove the causes of that headache and put you in a healthy condition than any other remedy. Ask your druggist for it.

Hundreds of Miners

Are opening their eyes to the importance of the Robertson Process. The inventor, John A. Robertson, of Oakland, Cal., has a large number of rights sold and allows parties to buy outright or pay a percentage. He asks not a single dollar until the purchaser has a chance to know that he can save money by the process.

"Now, Mr. Robertson," said a fair young city visitor to the kind-hearted farmer, "won't you show us your watermelon orchard?" "I haven't a watermelon tree on the place this year, ma'am; they were all winter killed," and his questioner wondered why he smiled so pleasantly, as he answered.—*New-Haven Register*.

Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—*Gazette*.

The Wilcox Pump.

Mr. Wilcox is not only making the best pump upon this coast, but he has decided to reduce the price to suit the depressed condition of the times, and is selling at a reduction of 15 per cent upon his price list. Send for circular to 417 Mission St. S. F.

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Buy the Best.

The best photograph is always the cheapest, but at the Imperial Gallery, 714 Market street, San Francisco, you get not only the best but the lowest-priced work in the city.

\$45 will buy 1000 fine cigars at J. W. Shaeffer & Co.'s, 323 Sacramento St., S. F. (No Drummers employed.)

All photographs made at the New York Gallery, No. 235 Third St., S. F., are guaranteed to be first-class. Prices to suit the times. J. H. Peters, Proprietor.

The Photograph Gallery of Wm. Shew has been removed from 115 to 523 Kearny St., San Francisco.

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Florida ships 6,000 head of cattle to Cuba monthly.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., will erect a Confederate monument twenty-five feet high.

Two hundred Icelanders have formed a colony called Minnabod on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The deepest spot in the Hudson river is opposite West Point, where the water is 216 feet deep.

Hawaiian sugar is retailed at Honolulu for one cent per pound more than it can be bought for in San Francisco.

James Parton says that several thousand copies of Paine's "Age of Reason" are sold every year in the United States.

The whole number of newspapers in the United States has increased since January of the current year, from 8,709 to 9,153.

The production of gold in the Black Hills will be even greater this than last year, and estimates place the yield of 1880 in advance of either.

A recently enacted law in Galveston provides that any employer who shall force an employee to labor on Sunday shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided that dogs are not property in that State, and on that ground an indictment was quashed.

It is reported that the authorities of Princeton College "have notified the parents or guardians of every member of the Sophomore class that any student found guilty of having will be at once and irrevocably expelled."

E. D. M., in the Cincinnati Gazette, shows that the first anti-slavery paper was not, as is generally supposed, Lundy's *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, printed in Jonesboro, Tenn., in 1821, but Charles Osborn's *Philanthropist*, issued at Mount Pleasant, in Ohio, in 1816.

For the first time in the history of the country the exports of breadstuffs exceeded in value the exports of cotton and tobacco. The following figures are for the eleven months ending May 30, 1879: Breadstuffs, \$192,000,000; cotton, \$169,000,000; provisions, \$107,000,000; tobacco, \$27,000,000.

A New York paper says that over four and a half million bushels of wheat were shipped to Europe in one week from the principal Atlantic ports, and that during six months ending the 30th of August, the exports of wheat exceeded those for the corresponding period of 1878 by the enormous amount of 9,970,000 bushels.

The highest gold mine in the world is in Rio Grande county, Colorado. Its elevation above the sea is 11,300 feet. Snow falls about every month; the fall is about twenty-four feet per year. The atmosphere is dry and seldom chilly, though very cold. Absolutely cloudless days are common. The sun, moon and more brilliant stars are frequently seen at noon-day.

There is to be somewhat of a woman's rights war on a small scale in London. The girl clerks employed in the London postoffice as telegraph operators have been dismissed. The reason given is that the young ladies are not equal to the heavy night work. The woman's rights don't believe this, and who knows but the Disraeli government may fall on this very issue?

The Krupp gun works of Germany are of immense dimension. One of the establishments employs 8,500 workmen, and contains 298 boilers and engines, which combined, have 11,000 horse power, and operate 77 trip-hammers, varying in weight from 200 to 100,000 pounds each. Since 1877, 15,000 cannon have been turned out; 800 are made on an average every month. Daily 16,000 tons of coal and coke are consumed.

The Field of Honor.

Muki Baci was the champion "drunkist" of the Baeska Comit, a Hungarian county, justly renowned for the excellence of its wines and the absorbent capacities of its inhabitants. For many years past he had frequented a famous hostelry in Szegedin, and earned the reverent admiration of his fellow-citizens by the magnificent perseverance he exhibited in emptying bottle after bottle. But as old age crept upon him, his powers of imbibition sensibly diminished, and with them his spirits. A few days ago he was invited to a wedding feast at Theresiole, and when he took his place at the table found set before him a mighty glass holding three pints of wine. This, so the host told him, he was expected to drain of its generous contents as often as a toast should be proposed to the general company. He cast a gloomy glance at the gigantic beaker, sighed sleepily and set him sedly down, saying: "Lads, I am about to die. I feel it. I shall have a stroke if I drink glass for glass with you out of this 'pokal' for a couple of hours. But I will drink, nevertheless; it is for the honor of the Baeska. In heaven's name, then, so be it! A man can die but once!" Turning to the innkeeper's wife, he added, "Get me a bed ready, that I may die in quiet. When the time shall come I will stretch myself out and give up the ghost." As soon as he had seen the bed prepared he began to drink as manfully as of yore, challenged his friends successively to "do him reason," and was the merriest wedding guest of them all. About midnight he arose, embraced his entertainers and took a tender leave of all present. Then he settled himself again to the carouse and drank on for another two hours, at the expiration of which he asked to be conveyed to his resting place. Two stalwart young fellows carried him to the bed and gently laid him down upon it. His head sank upon his breast—he uttered one deep groan and expired.—*London Telegraph*.

The state of mind most lamentable is that of utmost languor. In despair there is often life, activity; there is an infinite sorrow. In despondency there is a sadder poetry, on which the soul secretly feasts; but languor is near the annihilation.

Saratoga in the Olden Time.

The Rambler hears the exultant cry of the pleasure-seeker, that the "season" at Saratoga "surpasses anything that has been known there in over twenty years," and he wonders if the fashionable youths of to-day know anything of the glories of the "seasons" of twenty and twenty-five years ago. He wonders if they know what Saratoga was then, when it drew together from the North and South, from the Old World and the Canadas, all that was most brilliant in social standing, when the veritable English lord (not his valet) bowed low before the dark-eyed beauty from the sunny South, and the stately Virginian F. F.'s held a pleasant gossip with Beacon street's most erudite representatives. The Rambler fears that the belles and beaux of this season might find less to praise in the old-time accommodations than now dazzles their eyes in the magnificence of hotel and boulevard. To those who were "in the fray" twenty years ago, we fear there will never come other seasons like the old ones. No broad avenues filled with its crowd of gay equipages and dashing steeds can equal the old lake road, with its sandy windings and its cool fringes of willow trees and fragrant flowers. There may be more luxurious ease in the smooth paved drive, but there will never be the sweet silence, where the soft-eyed friend made all needful companionship, and the pure air free from the dust of crowds, invigorated both the physical and the mental being. There will be forever lost to them the charm that lay in the cozy old Lake house and its modest array of little row boats; in the quiet walks and the loveliness of nature untroubled by noisy crowds and modern improvements. No hotel of to-day can equal the old "States" though its walls were low and its accommodations meager. The broad old veranda welcomed many that will never come again, and whose absence it would mourn. The great trees listened to words that might have charmed wiser heads and warmer hearts than the ultra fashions of to-day may boast. And so while the Rambler rejoices that the return tide of prosperity in this country is so significantly indicated by this unusual crowd and display at the watering-places, he must give one sigh for the vanished glories of the seasons of twenty years ago. Perhaps it is only because

"Something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet
That will never come again,"
but he must still believe that when there were fewer pleasure resorts and fewer pleasure-seekers, that nature showed her beauties to more appreciative eyes; that the old Saratoga in her dignified and purer simplicity was superior in many ways to the gilded, gorgeous Saratoga of to-day; that then its waters came from the springs only, not from the chemists; that mind and soul and body were all refreshed by the more simple ways and quiet hours of the olden time than can be the case in the round of gaiety with whose description the papers teem in '79. And here the Rambler comes to his moral. Cannot summer recreations involve less of dash and crush and gaslight and weariness and expense, yet satisfy more perfectly the needs of our physical being and our higher nature; can the "seasons" of twenty years ago again bless us with their quiet rest, their refined attractions?—*Rock. Democrat*.

The Good Old Deacon.

The squibs uttered against New England deacons have little or no justification. If a tub of butter or a barrel of apples is made up of alternate layers of good and bad, it is said to be "deaconed." The epithet does not refer to the character of deacons, but an old practice of "deaconing" a hymn. Fifty or sixty years ago hymn-books were not so common as they now are. Some churches owned only two books. It was then the custom for one of the deacons to read two lines of a hymn, which the congregation sung. Other lines were read and sung in the same way, until the hymn was sung through. As a class, deacons have been the most trusted and influential men of New England villages. If a man died leaving property and a family, the deacon was made one of the executors, and the guardian of the widow and fatherless. If the neighbors had a dispute about property, they "let it out" to the deacon. Was a son wayward, the good deacon was as frequently as the good pastor asked to "talk" with him. In the "Recollections" of an old gentleman, an anecdote is told which illustrates the character of at least one of the New England deacons of the olden time.

Elisha Hawley, of Ridgefield, Conn., was a soldier of the Revolution, and a deacon. He was a good man of business, but he never charged a purchaser one cent more than the article was worth. The Golden Rule was his rule of life.

One day he learned that a widow had been reduced from a competency to poverty. Fearing lest he might wound her feelings if he should offer money or charity, he said:

"Madam, I think I owed your late husband fifty dollars, and I've come to pay it to you as his legal representative."

"How was that?" asked the lady, somewhat startled.

"I will tell you. About twenty-five years ago, soon after you were married, I made furniture for your husband to the amount of two hundred dollars. I have been looking over the account, and find that I rather overcharged him in the price of some chairs—that is, he could have afforded them at somewhat less. I have added up the interest, and here, madam, is the money."

The tears came in the widow's eyes; she half-suspected the deacon had constructed the debt by willing that he had made an overcharge. What was she to do?—the money was on the table, and the deacon had left the house.

The first missionaries ever sent among the Dakota Indians were, sent out forty-five years ago and were Presbyterians. Ten Presbyterian churches have been the outcome of the work.

About Poisons.

"Poison: A substance which, when taken into the stomach, mixed with the blood or applied to the skin or flesh, proves fatal or deleterious; anything infectious or malignant." Our scissors make the first clip out of Webster for a definition of the greatest evil as well as the greatest good known in the medical world. For after the fashion of the old saying, "It takes a thief to catch a thief," in public systems, so in the individual system if one poison has stolen away into the net-work of veins by fair means or foul, there is small hope of recovering one's own, save another poison be sent after it.

All medicines seem to be more or less poisonous. But owing to the large doses those classed "less" require to produce death or any deleterious effects, they are by the mass of people regarded as harmless, for arsenic, strychnine, opium, chloroform, mercury, and peroxide of hydrogen, and a host of others, cover all, to them, dangerous poisons. Yet we read in a daily paper of a child suddenly attacked by severe vomiting which the usual remedies failing to check, ends in exhaustion and death; and the cause is laid anywhere but at the confectioner's counter where the boy bought his candies and cakes flavored with bitter almond.

"The bitter almond is a powerful poison." A single drop of the essential oil on a cat's tongue made a dead pussy of a living one in just five minutes, by experiment. Some delicate organizations, especially among children, can bear but little of this essence, the smallest quantity producing an eruption like a nettle-rash, if nothing worse, and yet macaroons are eaten and given to children to eat with impunity, while confectioners are often, now, using, not the bitter almond, but the essential oil for their flavoring. There is a "family connection" between the bitter and sweet almond, how close is not easily defined, but sufficient to show that on some persons the sweet nuts on our tables, if eaten, produce an effect similar to that caused by the bitter almond.

"Fish poison is one of the most singular in all the range of toxicology." Certain kinds of fish in hot countries are looked upon as always poisonous. Other kinds are poisonous to peculiar constitutions, at certain times, and perhaps depending somewhat on the climate. The richer sort of vertebrate fish, though actually eaten with perfect safety by mankind in general, are nevertheless poisonous, either at all times or only occasionally to peculiar individuals. This fact is self-evident to many of us who have experienced nausea after eating whitefish, salmon, lobster, etc., at one time or another, and instinct is wise when it heeds the hint and declines the poison in future.

Lead poisoning we are more familiar with, as some members of our households are more susceptible than others to the injurious effect of water run through lead pipes. But the poison in this case, acting slowly and subtly, is usually classed under the broad, good-naturedly embracing term, "malaria." Those who work in lead mines or in any way with lead and absorb its fine dust into their systems, except by the greatest care, sooner or later have what in general phraseology is called printers' or painters' palsy. That habit of children to bite and wet their lead pencils is often followed by serious results, which are more likely to be traced to a close school-room and hard study than to the lead pencils, slate pencils and chalk they have munched on at short intervals five days out of every seven.

Another of the every-day poisons is found in the syrup which is a leading feature of the American breakfast-table. "The use of chloride of tin in glucose syrups has been proved by numerous analyses." Think of that, oh ye who indulge in "golden drip" and "maple syrup" on cold, wintry mornings. Beware of any syrup that leaves a metallic taste in your mouth, lest by means of the sweet liquid your stomach gets a tin lining, and you, wondering why on earth you have developed dyspepsia, conclude that it must be that hot cakes disagree with you. And if the said cakes are made of the raising-easy stuff called baking-powder, very likely the disagreement can in part be laid to them, for analysis has also shown that baking-powder contains a large proportion of desiccated alum.

George Washington's last visit to Valley Forge, when he was about to retire to private life at the end of his second presidential term, was described by an old farmer, once a Revolutionary soldier to his son, who made a record of the description. The farmer was plowing in a field near the old encampment ground when he observed a man of dignified appearance, dressed in a plain black suit, and followed by a colored servant, ride up the road and dismount near. He approached and cordially took the farmer's hand, making inquiries about certain families in the neighborhood, about the surrounding farms, their production and the system of cultivation. He put the answers into a note-book and told the farmer that he had been in the army and at the camp, and as he expected to leave the city in a few months, with the prospect of never returning, he had taken this journey to visit the place which had been the scene of so much suffering and distress and see how far the inhabitants had recovered from its effects; and adding that his name was George Washington, he declared that to see the people happy and the farms prospering, and to meet with his old companions now peacefully engaged in the most useful of all employments, afforded him more satisfaction than all the homage that could be paid to his person or station.

Five young men were playing poker at Asheville, N. C. One was detected hiding an extra card in his breast pocket. The dirk of another was instantly driven through his card and into the cheat's heart.

The coming of a new guest may awaken new interest, but he can never entirely crowd out the memory of the old one. Walk where we will, the sunshine of the past will come athwart our paths.

A Winter Resort.

Already do people at our watering-places begin to consider where to pass the inclement months of our Northern winter, desiring to find a spot where the climate is good and also where there is enough of interest and society to pleasantly occupy their leisure. To such, Nassau especially commends itself. But a short distance from our coast, with the most remarkable climate in the world, with all the wealth of tropical scenery and verdure, this place is of itself a gem of the ocean. No matter what our Northern winter may be, immediately on crossing the Gulf Stream we find a change, and on reaching Nassau are at a place where the thermometer ranges in the winter months from sixty-eight to seventy-eight degrees, and during twenty-four hours rarely varies over four to five degrees. It has been truly called the Mecca of invalids. It affords excellent sailing, good shooting and fishing to the wearied man of business or the keen and eager sportsman. The society is excellent, the city of Nassau being the seat of government of the Bahamas. A garison is stationed there, and some of her Majesty's gunboats are frequently adroit in the harbor. British officers of both the army and navy are noted for their courtesy. The Royal Victoria Hotel is undoubtedly the best in the West Indies. Built in the flush war times, no expense was spared in its construction, and the result has justified the expense. It is under the management of Mr. J. M. Morton, well known in the States, and deservedly popular there as he is here. This year the facilities for reaching Nassau are much better than ever before, and promise regularity and comfort. As a winter watering place no other locality seems so attractive or convenient for Americans, and the names of many of our best citizens found on the visitor's register of the past two years testify to that fact.—*Letter from Nassau in New York Home Journal*.

WASHINGTON ON PROFANITY.—Of Gen. Washington's dislike for profanity a picturesque story is related. In the summer of 1781 a man who was plowing in a field near a Fishkill road became very impatient with some difficulty in his work, and began to pour forth violent oaths. Just then three horsemen in military address who were riding by, paused, and one of them asked for information concerning the road, thanked the plowman for his answer, and added: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of difficulty and danger, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me, but I have always found that it did no good to get angry; and that neither broken plows nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language," and with a bow he rode on. It was Gen. Washington.

A HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.—A New Jersey paper says: "Recently a humming bird's nest was found by some persons who had sufficient natural curiosity to overcome their compassion, and who captured the nest, two young hummers and the old one, took them home and had them stuffed. They are to be sent to a museum of natural curiosities in London. The nest is built of a little twig and is scarcely the size of half an English walnut. Both nest and twig are covered with little patches of lichen, until it is almost impossible to tell one from the other, and the nest looks like a kind of natural excrescence on the twig. The nest is pliable, like a tiny cup of velvet, and the inside is lined with a white substance as rich and soft as white silk. The little birds are about the size of bumble-bees, very pretty, and they sit on a little perch just outside the nest, with open bills, while the old bird hovers over them to feed them."

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—An old legend asserts that the great Gothic cathedral of Cologne, of which the devil, it says, furnished the plan, will never be completed. The great advances toward completion which have been made during the past forty years, have unsettled somewhat the old belief in the legend. This, however, has been of late revived by the assertion of Professor Heim, of the University of Zurich, that the blocks of stone, taken from the French cathedrals, which are employed for the foundation and pillars, are fast undergoing a chemical decomposition, and that probably before this century closes the edifice may fall to the ground. Another fact which has excited superstition is that the new clock, constructed from cannon taken from the French, has not been in working order for a year, and that all efforts hitherto to render it serviceable have proved abortive.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.—On going into a distillery "The deep, damp vault, the darkness, and the worm," and all is still.

For a bank—"The bell strikes one. We take no note (on) time."

After subscribing for a serial "liaped in numbers, for the numbers came."

On the Custer fight—"Hills peep o'er hills, and scalps on scalps arise."

On hanging—"He feels each thread and dies along the line."

On our oil exchange smoker—"Man never is, but always to be blest."

On trichina spiralis—"Out goes his life! So much for buckingham."—*Old City Derrick*.

Thrift is one of the Iowa virtues. A Davenport clergyman was called upon to marry a couple one night last week. They were nicely dressed, in their twenties, and evidently well-to-do. After the ceremony had been performed, the groom thrust his hand in his pocket and fished out three quarters, which he held in the palm of his hand, saying to the minister: "There, take your pay from that!" "Let us see," mused the minister; "the publishing of the marriage notice will cost half a dollar!" "Oh, will it," replied the groom: "Well, then, take the whole of it! It ain't much matter, anyway!"

Buttoned boots are worn only on the street or for the promenade. Fancy colored kid slippers and sandals are worn with elegant evening or dinner toilettes.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

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Woodland Standard,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.,

—BY—

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

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Will contain all the county news of interest to the people, and will never be backward in expressing an opinion on all live subjects, which opinions will always

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

WIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., SEPT. 27, 1879

The California Press Association will hold its first annual meeting at San Francisco, October 8th, at Palace Hotel.

It is said that Dr. Glenn has such an immense crop this year that he will be able to pay his entire indebtedness and have a surplus of \$300,000. When it is taken into consideration that his debts amount to nearly a million dollars some idea can be formed of his immense crop.

The other day Denis Kearney sent his card up to Gen. Grant at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and desired an interview. Grant very sensibly declined to see the ignorant blackguard. If the people of the whole State would pay as little attention to him as Grant does, he would soon be out of public notice.

The New York Tribune says that one million veterans would take down their muskets if Grant would draw his sword in defence of the nation. There is no doubt of it. It would not be surprising if two or even three millions would spring forth boldly to the front, considering the enormous increase of the veterans since the war.—[Ex.]

READING (Cal.), Sept. 25.—News was received here last night by stage that the town of Alturas Modoc county was entirely destroyed by fire on last Monday night. Stone and brick buildings were no protection. Particulars as to the cause of the fire or the amount of loss involved have not yet been received but the loss is very great. Alturas was the county seat of Modoc, and a thriving town in the midst of a fine farming country.

"De Youngs friends call the shooting of Kallach a private feud, but everybody knows it sprung from political hostilities in reality."—[Yolo Mail.]

Very true; but there was not an intelligent man in the State, no matter how strongly opposed to the new Constitution party, who blamed the party for the shooting of Kallach. But transfer the scene to the Southern States, make Kallach a Republican and De Young a Democrat, and let all the other circumstances remain as they are. Is there any doubt as to the spreading of the news all over the United States by Republican editors as a case of horrible Democratic "bulldozing," "Yazooing" etc., calling it the plan of the Democratic party to rid the South of Republicans?

Elections to Come.

The States yet to elect officers the present year are the following: Ohio, October 14th, State officers and members of the Legislature; Iowa, same date, State officers and members of the Legislature, and one Congressman to fill vacancy, November 4th, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York and Wisconsin elect State officers and members of the Legislature (not October 14th, as has been erroneously stated). On the same day, Mississippi and New Jersey elect members of the Legislature; and Pennsylvania, State Treasurer and members of the Legislature. December 2d, Louisiana votes on the adoption of a new Constitution.—[Call.]

All the division and discontent are not on the Democratic side in New York. Mr. Cornell, the Republican candidate for Governor, is deeply distasteful to a large element of his party who look upon him as the candidate of the Conkling machine. On the other hand Lucius Robinson has made an honest and incorruptible Governor whose Administration has run absolutely in the interest of the masses. He has always antagonized the "rings" and thieves who have disgraced the politics of both sides in New York. The opposition to him springs largely from this class and the people are not unmindful of this fact. Nowhere on the American continent is there so large a number of independent voters—dependent in the best sense of the word—as in New York. It was the independent voters who elected Tilden Governor and who gave him the Electoral vote of New York for President. It is quite within the range of the probabilities that this element may choose to make itself heard this Fall and that its weight will not be cast for Cornell. As for John Kelley he is in danger of encountering metaphorical rotten eggs rather than a considerable vote.—[Los Angeles Herald.]

A Little War Cloud in Europe.

What is termed Nihilism in Russia and Socialism in Germany is troubling the rulers of these countries very much, hence they are cudgeling their brains for a means of directing the public mind from their own wrongs and oppressions. War seems to be their only remedy. They must be poor statesmen indeed who cannot put men to better use than making them food for powder. Russia is arming to the teeth, and Germany has not been so armed since before the France-Prussian war. For some apparent but no real cause these two nations may quarrel with each other, for the sole purpose in fact of destroying their own people and keeping down the higher, grander, nobler aspirations of their subjects. For the sake of retaining place and power they will include and combine to murder their citizens by tens and hundreds of thousands, and yet there will be no jury to try and no courts to punish them, save only the high court of public opinion, which has no police to enforce its decrees.

The kings begin to fear the people. The press, the telegraph and steam is letting daylight into all the dark places of earth. The lime-light of the rights of a man is being cast upon every country in Christendom and the people begin to demand their own. The powers that be do not like to surrender their privileges to plunder and to keep their communities in subjection, hence as the public tongue dares to express disaffection, do these oppressors, who rule by the right of might, attempt to concoct wicked schemes to frustrate the good intentions of their subjects. But this wrong cannot always win. The day is not distant when the people will be the stronger.—[Sac. Bee.]

Reaping 20 Square Miles of Wheat.

The poetry of the harvest field will have to be rewritten. A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from the Dalrymple, furnishes the rough materials for one canto.

"Just think," he says, "of a sea of wheat containing twenty square miles—13,000 acres—rich, ripe, golden; the winds rippling over it. As far as the eye can see there is the same golden sunset hue. Far away on the horizon you behold an army sweeping along in grand procession. Riding on to meet it you see a Major General on horseback—the superintendent, two brigadiers on horseback—repairers. No sword flash in the sunlight, but their weapons are monkey wrenches and hammers. No brass band, no drum beat or shrill note of the fife, but the army moves on—a solid phalanx of twenty-four self-binding reapers—to the music of its own machinery. At one sweep in a twinkling, a swarth of one hundred and ninety-two feet has been cut and bound—the reaper tossing the bundles almost disdainfully into the air—each binder doing the work of six men. In all there are 115 self-binding reapers at work. During the harvest about 400 are employed, and during thrashing 600—their wages being \$2 a day with board."

Maine.

The New York World has reports, which it deems reliable, that the Republican candidate for Governor in Maine is not elected by from two to four thousand votes. One dispatch says that the Republican managers are distressed at the news, and wish the plan of placing a second Republican candidate in the field had been carried out. If the Republicans are really concerned at the failure to elect by the people, it must be that later returns have thrown some doubt on the political complexion of the Senate. In Maine the House chooses from the candidates voted for two names to send to the Senate, which proceeds to elect one of them Governor. If two Republican candidates were in the field, a Republican House could send both to the Senate and thus secure the election of one, although that one might not have been the regular candidate. But if three candidates only are voted for, belonging respectively to the Republican, Democratic and Greenback Parties, the House can select two from the three. Of course, if the House is Republican it would select the Republican candidate and either the Democratic or Greenback candidate. The Senate, if Republican, would select the Republican candidate, but if a majority of its members were Democrats and Greenbackers, it would elect the candidate other than Republican which the House had submitted.

W. Schaffer, of Sutter county, proposes about the most feasible plan we have seen on the debris question, at least so far as the Yuba river is concerned. He proposes to take the whole of the Yuba river, at ordinary stages of water, through a double flume, down into the lowlands between the Yuba, the Sacramento and the American rivers. Mr. Schaffer proposes a double flume, with rifles in each, for the purpose of running one of them at a time, and catching the fine gold. He thinks the gold thus caught would alone pay the interest on the cost of the flume, which he estimates at \$10,000,000. Some say, "Where is the money to come from?" but under Judge Keyser's decision, which is most likely to be affirmed, it is the miners' business to provide means of taking care of the debris, and the financial question is one for the mining companies to solve. Under this plan the whole basin, some 100,000 acres, would have to be condemned. The flume could then be carried to that part of the land nearest the foothills first, and that filled in say twenty feet above the bank of the river, and then move towards the river, making land as it went. It would take two or three generations to fill the whole in, but a great deal of good land would be made every year, which would help pay for the flume. This debris land is, after a few years, fertile enough, but the trouble now is that it ruins the land by washing over it every year. Land built up after the manner we have suggested would not be subject to overflow, and in a few years would become good land.—[Colusa Sun.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

C. B. CULVER,

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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

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Sept. 27.

CASTOR OIL FOR MACHINERY,
Winter Bleached Lard Oil,
RAW and BOILED LIMESEED OIL,

BEST SAFETY KEROSENE,
Atlantic White Lead, Siphon,
Blue Stone and Washing Soda

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
AT LOWEST MARKET RATES, BY
WHITMORE & HIGGINSON,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY of Yolo, State of California.
WALTER E. MARTIN vs. HIS CREDITORS.
Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent WALTER E. MARTIN, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court at the Court room of said Court, at Woodland, in the County of Yolo, on the 18th day of October, A. D. 1879, at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.
Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 11th day of September, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk.
By JAC. C. HARRIS, Deputy Clerk.
C. H. Garoutte, Atty. for Petitioner. sels-td

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street, Woodland.

Great Bargains!

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-5m

CITY LIVERY STABLE.



SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

T. L. SMITH.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos, \$1.50 per doz.

Cabinets, 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing and Copying, Enlarging and Printing. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it.
KING, Photo.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

TAKEN UP BY H. P. MARTIN, AT HIS PLACE near Woodland, one bay mare and two yearling colts. No mark or brands, but one colt has a white foot and star in forehead. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying charges. sep29-24

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,

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Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.

Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND.

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL

mar15.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE FANCY CIGARETTES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

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—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.
Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday
BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS:
One Year—In advance.....\$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Do you think it will rain?
Wheat is up as high as 1.70 and seems to be on the rise still.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

The County and District Courts have both been in session this week.

The Hutchinson Family to-night. Don't fail to hear them.

Grant is expected to visit Sacramento next week, and there is talk of an excursion from Woodland.

Both the District and County Court adjourned on Tuesday last out of respect to the memory of Eld. J. N. Pendegast.

During the absence of A. Nickelsburg at the Bay this week, the store has been in charge of Mr. M. Nickelsburg, of Colusa.

Rev. E. M. Stuart has been re-appointed by the Methodist Conference at San Jose, to the charge of the M. E. Church at Woodland.

A mammoth stock of School Books always on hand at Elston's.

There will be preaching in the German language at the M. E. Church at 2 o'clock, P. M., to-morrow, by Rev. Theo. Langenbecker.

The Democrat accuses Mark Twain of being the author of the "Heathen Chinese." We expect to hear next that Bret Harte wrote "The Jumping Frog."

W. B. Treadwell, Esq., has leased Central Hall, and will fit it up with a neat stage and scenery. We are glad to know this, as it is just what that hall has need for a long time.

It is hoped that the different societies who are to take part in the Festival, will select their leaders and decide upon their names as soon as possible, and make the result known.

Mrs. M. L. Crawford, who had a large number of fine pictures on exhibition at the State Fair, is stopping at the Capital Hotel and will advise those wishing fine portraits to give her a call.

Country Schools furnished with supplies at lowest prices at Elston's Drug Store.

Hank Ogburn has our thanks for some of the best jerked venison we ever tasted. He got back from Trinity county a few days ago, and while absent his party killed 47 deer and 3 bear. They know how to slay them.

According to the stories of the returning hunters a large number of fine bucks have been killed in the mountains this year that the killers failed to find. How they know they have been killed is one of those unexplained mysteries.

In the case of the People vs. Clark and Morgan for burglarizing the house of Geo. Bailey, near Black's Station, on trial in the County Court, the jury found a verdict of guilty, and his Honor, Judge Bush, will sentence them to-day.

Charley Hall, formerly of Woodland, but now a farmer in Hungry Hollow, was in town this week. Charley is making a success of farming, and was feeling proud and happy. If you want to know why I look on the head of "Births" in another column.

Read the new ad. of Whittemore & Higginson's in the STANDARD to-day. They have just received a large stock of Castor Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Kerosene Oil, White Lead, Sulphur, Bluestone, etc., etc., which are for sale at the lowest market rates.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store.

The papers state that upon the arrival of Grant in San Francisco, all the fire bells were rung. A friend of ours who has no doubt read of the numerous occasions on which the General has been wined and dined during his tour, suggests that there may have been a lurid glare from the great Captain's nose that caused the fire bells to sound the alarm.

CONCERT TO-NIGHT. — The celebrated Hutchinson Family will give one of their concerts to-night at Central Hall, for the benefit of the Woodland Library, and all who delight to hear sweet music beautifully rendered, should be on hand. The concert is for the benefit of the Woodland Library and this announcement should insure a full house.

Messrs. Charnak & Levy have disposed of their grocery business to Mr. G. B. Culver, lately of San Diego, who will conduct the business hereafter. Mr. Culver comes to Woodland with the highest recommendations, and we hope our citizens will give him the same liberal amount of patronage they have bestowed on his predecessors. The new proprietor retains Messrs. Sill and Spaulding as clerks, which is proof positive that he is a man of good judgment. Messrs. Charnak & Levy still retain the dry goods and clothing business.

On Wednesday evening of this week, we attended the organization of a chorus in Cacheville, who are to assist in the Musical Festival. Considerable interest was manifested, about 30 persons being present. The meeting was held in the Public School House; which is the model school building of the county. It is fitted with neat desks, and in the lower room, a nice stage, with a drop curtain is arranged for school exhibitions. We were informed by the Principal, Mr. A. M. Ayers, that the school has the funds on hand for a new curtain to replace the one now in use, which is a little the worse for wear. The school under Mr. Ayers' management has become a credit to the town.

The Musical Festival.

Preparations for the Musical Festival which it is proposed to give in Woodland during Thanksgiving week, are being made over the county, and a large amount of interest is already manifested. Societies have already been formed in Davisville, Cacheville, Dunnigan and Winters, and next week there will be organizations made in Langville, Madison and Knight's Landing. There is no reason why two hundred or more singers cannot be brought together in Woodland on the occasion in question, and the grandest musical exhibition ever given in the county will be the result. The Woodland Orchestra are already working on the music, the Ellis Band will assist in some of the pieces to be rendered, and with the large chorus of voices the effect will be grand. Arrangements have been made with the California Electric Works to furnish cartridges and battery for the firing of the cannon required in some of the pieces, and nothing is being spared in the arrangements that will tend to make the Festival a grand success. As it will be given at the same time as the meeting of the Teachers Institute, there will doubtless be a large number of visitors in Woodland which will be a benefit to our town. The singers of Woodland meet at Central Hall every Monday evening, and it is hoped that all who would like to see a success made of the Festival will take enough interest to attend these rehearsals, and induce all their friends who can "turn a tune," to do likewise.

SURPRISE.—A very pleasant surprise was given to Miss Lizzie Barton, of Lower Lake, at the residence of Treasurer Kean on last Monday evening. Miss Barton has been attending school at Grass Valley for the past two years, and was sojourning in Woodland for a few days on her way home. The evening was passed very pleasantly by those present, and the party broke up amid many wishes that the young lady may often leave her mountain home and visit our city of the plains. Miss Barton left for Lower Lake on Tuesday.

A. Nickelsburg has been at the Bay all this week selecting a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods. The firm of Nickelsburg & Bros. have the finest and most complete store in Woodland, which stands as evidence that their plan of doing a legitimate business is a paying one. Their new goods are arriving, and it would be well for the people of Woodland to call and inspect them.

This is for You
Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS, "Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

The Last Chance to see the World Renowned Hutchinson's

On this Saturday and Sunday evenings the Hutchinson Family will appear at Central Hall in this city probably for the last time. It is hardly necessary for us to remind the people of Woodland and vicinity that they can enjoy a rich musical treat by attending the entertainment to be given either Saturday or Sunday evening, for the reputation of the Hutchinson's is world wide. On Sunday night nothing but music appropriate to the Sabbath will be rendered. We trust that our music loving people will turn out and give the Hutchinson's a rousing house both evenings such as they are deserving of. Remember the concert is to be in Central Hall.

Yom Kippur.

The Jewish Yom Kippur, or Day of Atonement, commenced at sundown last evening, and ends this evening at the same time. Yom Kippur is the most sacred of the Jewish holy days, and a rigid fast is kept from its commencement at the one sundown till the blast on the Shofa—the ram's horn—at the succeeding sunset announces its termination. The Hebrews call it the Sabbath of Sabbaths. In the synagogue two of the oldest members ascend the almeha and assist the Rabbi in the services, which commence by the latter's reciting three times the Rol Nidre, or absolution from the unfulfilled religious vows of the last year. It was only during Yom Kippur that a High Priest was permitted to enter into the inner sanctuary of King Solomon's Temple. Jewish tradition says the fate of the old world was written on the day of Rosh Hashanah, but not sealed until Yom Kippur, ten days after, to allow that time for repentance. All Jewish business houses will be closed during Yom Kippur.

The Yolo Mail and the Record-Union are having a discussion to determine whether the late Republican victory in this State was triumph for the Railroad or otherwise. We think the Record-Union has the best of the argument. As the Sacramento paper is the organ of the great corporation, we are of the opinion that it ought to know what that company considers a triumph and as it most emphatically claims the result of the late election as such, we are inclined to believe it.

Death of Elder J. N. Pendegast.

On Monday last the people of the town of Woodland received the announcement that "Uncle Pendy," as they loved to call him, was dead. A gloom fell over the entire community and all persons spoke of it to each other as sadly and as feelingly as though they had lost a father. His death was not unexpected as he had been lingering for several weeks, and hope had been almost lost. In his death the community suffers a loss that cannot be replaced. If there ever was a truly good man in this world, Father Pendegast was one, and his life is proof of it. He never met a person in his life with anything but a kind word, and his good nature was proverbial among the people of Yolo county.

He was born in the year 1812 in the State of South Carolina, and while yet young his parents moved to near Atlanta, Georgia, where he was educated. There he studied law and was admitted to practice, but gave it up to enlist in the Seminole war in Florida. After the war was over, he moved to Kentucky where he engaged in Teaching. In 1841 he was married to the wife who survives him, in Monro county. A year later they both united with the Christian Church, and he immediately began preaching, which he continued until his death. He came to California in 1854, settled in Sierra county, and moved in 1855 to Yolo county where he passed the remainder of his life.

There has probably no man ever lived in Yolo county who has as deep a hold on the hearts of the people as Elder J. N. Pendegast. In his life he set an example that is worthy the following of all men, and at his death he left a name that is identified with good words and deeds.

His funeral was the largest ever seen in Yolo county. The discourse was delivered by Eld. B. C. Lawson, his warmest friend, and was impressive. The Christian Church was filled to its utmost capacity, and a procession of over 125 carriages followed the remains to their last resting place. "Uncle Pendy" has gone from our midst, and we know he is in a brighter and better world. His memory will be cherished by those who knew him, as we feel "we shall not look upon his like again."

NOTICE.
We have this day sold the Grocery and Provision Department of our Store to Mr. C. B. Culver, and we respectfully solicit from our friends and former customers a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon us.
CHARMAK & LEVY.
WOODLAND, Sept. 25th, 1879.

Referring to the above I would respectfully announce to the public that in assuming control of this well known stand, I do so with the determination to retain all the old customers of the house and add many new ones, if strict attention to business and an earnest desire to please my patrons will secure this end. I shall endeavor to keep the best of goods, and sell them at low prices.
C. B. CULVER.
WOODLAND, Sept. 25th, 1879.

STAINING PINE.—The *Northeastern Lumberman* recommends the following manner of staining pine to present black walnut: Put pulverized asphaltum and set where it is warm, shaking from time to time until dissolved; then strain and apply with either a cloth or a stiff brush. Try a little first, and if the stain be too dark, thin it with turpentine. If desirable to bring out the grain still more give a coat of boiled oil and turpentine. When the wood is thoroughly dry, polish with a mixture of two parts shellac varnish and one part boiled oil. Apply by putting a few drops at a time on a cloth and rubbing briskly over the wood.

MR. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN has recently bought a beautiful Parisian residence for the comfortable sum in cash of 300,000 francs. It is added that this large sum does not exceed one-half of his yearly income from his practice in the English Court. A Southern journal recalls the fact that Mr. Benjamin, fourteen years ago, after the dispersion of the Confederate Government tramped on foot from Central Georgia to Florida and escaped in an open boat to Nassau with a single ten-dollar gold piece in his pocket which he gave to the negro who rowed the little boat. He is said to preserve an unchanged sympathy with and devotion to his Louisiana friends, and to look forward enthusiastically to revisiting the State and those old friends.

Webster on Interference in Elections.

The Radicals who quote Daniel Webster as authority on great questions, but who sustain the odious Federal Election Laws, should peruse what he expressed on the subject of Federal interference in elections, in a letter to Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Treasury, whilst he was himself Secretary of State, during the Presidency of General W. H. Harrison, to this effect: The President is of the opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the General Government into conflict with the freedom of elections; and that this abuse ought to be corrected, wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.

He therefore directs that information be given to all officers and agents in your Department of the public service that partisan interference in popular elections, whether of State officers or officers of this Government and for whomsoever or against whomsoever it may be exercised or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries, or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as a cause of removal.

It is not intended that any officer shall be restrained in the free and proper expression and maintenance of his opinions respecting public measures, or in the exercise, to the fullest degree, of the constitutional rights of suffrage. But persons employed under the Government, and paid for their services out of the public treasury, are not expected to take an active or officious part in attempts to influence the minds or votes of others—such conduct being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and the duties of public agents acting under it; and the President is resolved, so far as depends upon him, that while the existence of the elective franchise by the people shall be free from undue influences of official station and authority opinion shall be free among the officers and agents of the Government.—[Examiner.

In his great speech at Columbus, Ohio, a short time ago, Senator Thurman cautioned his hearers against placing faith in the stories concerning the campaign and the Democratic leaders which were put in circulation by the Radicals for obvious reasons, and remarked: "I have been much amused by the inventive genius of our opponents as I have seen it lately displayed in the Press. One day I have read of a horrible conspiracy of Thurman and his friends to defeat Ewing, and the next day of an equally horrible plot of Ewing and his friends to destroy Thurman. Fellow-citizens, I pray you not to be in the least disturbed by these intentions. General Ewing is the regular nominee of the Democratic party for the office of Governor. I shall do all in my power to elect him, and I trust that every Democrat in the State will do likewise. In view of the consequences to result from our election this Fall, I do most sincerely hope that there may be no discord, no dissension, no bolting in our ranks. And I have every reason to believe that there will be none. From all quarters I hear that the party is harmonious, active and full of spirit. Let us do our duty manfully and earnestly, and victory will crown our labors and our efforts."

The Burlington *Hawkeye*, Radical, says: What a hollow sham President Hayes' Civil Service Order has proved to be. When it was first promulgated every man who expressed an opinion that it was nothing more or less than a cheap piece of Presidential buncombe was denounced by the organs. This year, when half the members of the Cabinet are participating actively in the campaign, the dulcet strain of the organ is not heard in the land. It only goes to show that dampfoolism in politics is playing out. Any and every office-holder has a perfect right to take part in political meetings and Conventions so long as he does not neglect his official duties, and none but a sycophant would hold office on any other terms.

Why Englishmen Suffer.

I doubt if in the 50,000 skilled mechanics of Birmingham to-day a dozen can be found with a practical illustration of thrift, economy or saving in their every-day life. It is regarded as "mean" or "stingy" on the part of a workingman here to save money—to hoard up for a "rainy day." His companions would scout at him or torment by word-teasing if he were to abandon the tap-room or the drinking-bar, and save up part of his

earning. There seems to be a regular recruiting system here and doubtless in all English manufacturing towns for the benefit of the public taverns. The workingman with moral courage enough to avoid these national vice-traps of England would, soon find himself a victim of endless petty tyranny by his companions. They seem to nurse the consolation that "they all do it," and he who is a sober and a saving man is a "sneak." The wife of a dissipated mechanic will insult the wife of a prudent mechanic solely and simply that he is "mean," "a close'un," a "sneak." "The sons and the daughters of the spendthrift will also go out of their way to sneer at the better dressed children of the saving man. Indeed, so severely annoyed are the sober and provident workers in these towns that life becomes a burthen to them and they have either to leave or fall into the slough of their companions. There is a social ban upon sobriety, and a premium upon inebriety. This I am told by persons here who have the best of reasons to know the fearful facts.—[Cor. Baltimore Sun.

Boruck of the "hoss paper" is announced as a candidate for the Secretaryship of the Senate at the next session.

BORN.

In Woodland, Sept. 20, 1879, to the wife of Geo. Ball, a son.

In Hungry Hollow, Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1879, to the wife of Chas. Hall, a daughter.

In Woodland, Thursday, Sept. 25th, to the wife of Col. J. C. Ball, a son.

DIED.

In Woodland, Monday, Sept. 22, 1879, Elder J. N. Pendegast, aged 67 years, 7 months and 19 days.

At Knight's Landing, Sept. 24th, 1879, Nellie, wife of E. T. Clowe, and daughter of Hon. Chas. F. Reed, aged 20 years.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

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I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and

MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,
Grain Bags,
Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

—AND—

FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

Call and See Us!

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

My Book of Years.

TO-NIGHT I turn another leaf,
Oh! chequered book of Life, in thee;
And wonder what my hand shall trace
Upon thy pure unlined face
In this new year.
Thou art not such a ponderous book,
Though all too full of care for me,
And crowded is each written page
I look upon. It seems an age
That I have lived.

I've watched my choicest flowers fade,
And drop their petals one by one.
I've seen my treasures buried deep
And bent above their graves to weep
With aching heart.

Ah! well, I know not what my hand
Shall there record, another year;
Some pleasures, and enough of care,
With sorrow intermingled, there
Shall find their place.

Oh! Life, so full of mysteries,
Oh! tears so full of pain and grief,
I sit and ponder o'er the past,
And dream those dreams too bright to last
That fade so soon.

The Road Agent.

My route, which was the only road between the towns of Ireton and Chester lay for thirty miles through an almost unbroken wilderness. The track had been badly cut to pieces by recent rains, and my progress was much slower than was either safe or pleasant. Sunset found me still many miles from my destination, and I began to reflect on the probability of a night's lodging in the woods in no very comfortable frame of mind.

My horse stumbled so constantly in the increasing darkness that I was forced at length to allow him to pick his way at a slow walk. I had arrived at a particularly rough part of the road, and halted to make sure that no pitfall lay hidden in the obscurity beyond, when a form sprang out of the bushes and stood beside me. In the dull light I could see that it was a small, slightly built man, clad in shabby garments, with a broad slouched hat concealing his face, and that he held a pistol in unpleasant proximity to my head.

"What do you want?" I asked, with what composure I could muster.

"Your money," was the answer. "Fling it down into the road and ride on."

The voice was singularly sweet for a man—a ruffian at that—and there was a tremor in it that belied his threatening air.

"The man is a coward," I said to myself; then aloud, "Suppose I refuse to comply with your very reasonable request, what then?"

"I shall blow your brains out," was the reply. "Throw me your money, and be quick about it."

I raised my hand from my side as if to comply with his demand; but instead of doing so I suddenly lifted my riding-whip and brought it down on the temple of my waylayer. The blow was a powerful one, and he rolled under my horse's feet without a sound.

Springing from my saddle to grapple with him, I found him prostrate and insensible, with the blood flowing copiously from an ugly wound in the forehead.

In the act of lifting his head upon my arm, his hat fell off, and a coil of luxuriant brown hair fell over my arm. Much astonished at this, I bent over the lifeless body, and beheld a pale, beautiful face, with small, delicate features, whose expression, even in unconsciousness, was that of mingled sadness and despair. My assailant was a woman, young, and bearing traces of refinement about her, despite her rough male attire.

After a little search I discovered the weapon with which she had threatened me. It was an old pistol, broken and unloading. With an impulse that I did not stop to question, I thrust it in my pocket. Then I examined the wound I had inflicted. It was a slight one, but would leave a life-long scar upon her temple.

What should such a woman be doing in this desolate region? What crises of misfortune had driven her to an act so dangerous and unwomanly? There was not time to reflect upon the matter, for she stirred slightly, and a faint moan of pain came through her pale lips.

With a sense of deep remorse for the violence I had done the poor girl, I bound up her wound with my handkerchief and slipped a good portion of the money I had about me into the pocket of her coat. I felt that her need of it must be desperate indeed.

After a moment her eyes opened, and she gazed wildly around.

"What has happened?" she said, confusedly. "Where is my father?"

Then she gazed at me wonderingly. "Oh, I remember," she cried in a heart-rending accent. "Oh, sir, if you knew why I did it! Let me go to my father—pray, pray, let me go!"

"You shall," I said soothingly; "I will take you to him, for you are not able to walk alone. Poor child, it was a mistake, and I was very brutal. Say no more, but lean on me."

She obeyed in silence, and slinging my horse's bridle over my arm, I led her down the road until she paused before a miserable hut, whose battered aspect and unlighted windows gave sorrowful evidence of the poverty of the inmates.

As I released her she suddenly seized my hand, and gazing up into my face appealingly, broke into a passion of tears.

"I understand you," I said. "No one shall ever know what has occurred to-night from my lips. No wrong has been done except through my violence; and I hope that you will forgive. Now go to your father."

Waving my hand in farewell, I sprang upon my horse and rode away.

Cautious inquiry in the next town elicited the fact that the hut I had seen was occupied by an old man of the name of Windsor and his daughter Julia. They had come from the East some three years previous, and had evidently seen better days. Even now,

miserably poor as they were, they preserved a dingy, aristocratic seclusion, so that their neighbors knew little about them and cared less. How they lived my informant could not guess.

The father had been in feeble health for a long time, yet the daughter, a fragile, delicate girl, had found the means to support him.

I had learned one of those "means," and I went away from the town with a deeper respect for Julia Windsor than I had ever felt for a woman.

Two years later found me permanently established in New York. I had nearly forgotten my adventure with the road agent, and should have forgotten it altogether but for the old pistol, which I still retained.

One evening, during a reception at the house of a friend, I observed among the guests a lady whose face appeared strangely familiar to me. Where I had met her before I could not remember; but there was something in her appearance that I recognized rather by the heart than the mind.

On inquiring who she was, I learned that she had lately returned from the West with her father, who had experienced severe reverses of fortune some years before, but had recently regained his property. Her name, they told me, was Miss Lee.

I had never known any one of the name, yet I certainly knew her. While I was puzzling myself for a solution of the mystery, one of the heavy braids of hair which covered her forehead fell aside, and I saw a small red scar upon her temple. Then I knew her. It was my would-be robber, Miss Lee or Julia Windsor. I could not be mistaken in her identity.

As may be readily imagined, I was not long in seeking an introduction to her. If, on her part, she recognized me, she maintained her composure admirably. A small red spot, rising in her cheek and fading instantly, was the only sign of anxiety that I could detect.

If I had thought her beautiful in her ugly male attire two years before, I found her doubly so now. The expression of care and grief had passed out of her face, but it had left its traces in her soft eye and in the tremulous outline of her mouth. An air of quiet thoughtfulness—the repose of a soul heavily chastened with sorrow—had a supreme charm for me.

I had not been sitting near her ten minutes before it became painfully apparent to me that my solitary life was a very cold and selfish one. This beautiful girl had lived and loved and suffered for another. If her experience had been a bad one, it had likewise been noble. Somehow my adventure with her that memorable night seemed to give me a right to her regard. Perhaps it was because I had never forgotten her, and that the simple memory of her had kept her always close to me.

Be that as it may, when I left her that night it was in a very unhappy frame of mind. Emotions had been roused in me that would not be put to sleep again. For the first time in my life I knew what love meant—love for a large-hearted, noble woman.

I had hoped that I had secured the means of a familiar intercourse with Miss Lee, by which I might be enabled to enlarge my acquaintance with her. But I soon found that I was mistaken. Converse with her I might, but never freely; enter her house when and so often as I chose, but her sympathy not at all. She seemed to hold me firmly at a distance. With all my efforts I could not even establish a cool friendship between us.

Did she remember me, then, and hate me for my knowledge of that one dark event in her past history? It seemed so, indeed. Yet, was she blind? Could she not see that I loved her? Or was it because, while sacrificing herself for her father's sake, I had inflicted the wound whose scar she would carry to the grave? Either way I was supremely unhappy.

Six months elapsed before I summoned up the courage to put her feelings toward me to the test. One afternoon I entered her presence firmly resolved to declare my love for her and abide the result. I could not be more wretched than I was, and my love might at least teach her to respect me.

She was alone when I entered. Something in my face must have alarmed her, for she arose hastily, and would have left the room had I not called her back.

"Julia Windsor," I said, calmly, "will you hear me?"

"That is not my name," she faltered, turning very white.

"No; but it was your name that night, in the far West, when you pointed a pistol at my head and demanded my money. Do you remember that night?"

She made no reply for a moment, but stood with her face averted; then she suddenly turned and confronted me with a gesture of contempt.

"Yes, I do remember," she answered, passionately. "Am I likely to forget it while this, inflicted by your hands, remains?" She pushed back her hair and laid her finger upon the scar upon her temple. "You struck me down, but to pay me for my wound you left your money in my pocket. It saved my father's life—for that I thank you. But you may cancel all. Go tell the world what you know. Wake the tongue of slander against me. Say that once upon a time I lived in abject poverty, under an assumed name, and that to succor a perishing father I robbed passengers upon the road in male attire. I do not fear you."

"You need fear nothing," I answered, quietly, "except that I shall love you too much for your noble sacrifice."

"Love me!" she echoed, looking at me suddenly with filling eyes. "I thought that you despised me for my unwomanly action."

"Then you wronged me deeply," I returned, approaching and taking her hand. "My remembrance of that night is full of admiration and respect. Since I have known you intimately I have learned to love you—how truly I have no words to say."

"But I threatened you with a pistol," she answered, demurely.

"It was harmless," I returned, smiling. "I kept it—I have it at home now."

"Do you remember the handkerchief with which you bound my head?" she asked, shyly. "More faithful to the spirit of that night than you, I have always kept it near me. I have it now."

"Julia," said I, earnestly, "answer me truly, why?"

"Because," she returned, lifting her soft eyes to mine, "I loved you from that hour. When I saw you again my love took new strength, and, though I felt that you despised me, it remained unshaken, as it shall to my dying hour."

"My darling," I said, stooping to kiss her upturned face, "on that night you robbed me of more than my purse. You made wholly yours my heart, my life, my future happiness."

The Georgia Gold Belt.

The "gold belt" of which the most productive portion lies at this point, consists of a strip of land running somewhat irregularly nearly due northeast and southwest across the northern end of the State. It averages about ten miles in width, and has been traced 200 miles in length, parallel with the Blue Ridge. White, Lumpkin and Habersham counties embrace the richest deposits, so far as now known, but the limits of mining are gradually widening. The presence of gold here has been known from the earliest times. Cherokee Indians were the occupants of the territory when white settlement first began, and they were accustomed to seek the gold for ornamental purposes, and to dispose of it in barter to less fortunate tribes. Evidence of their mining still remains, but are insignificant. The methods adopted by the first white settlers, and in vogue until recent years, were very rude, consisting merely of washing out the gravel of the beds of the streams by running it through sluice-boxes and spilt baskets into a "gum-rocker," which was nothing but a split and hollowed out log a dozen or so feet in length. While the water from the sluice-box passed through this trough from end to end, the rocker was kept in constant motion, and the heavy gold, permitted to sink to the bottom through the constantly agitated silt, was caught by transverse clats, with or without the aid of mercury. It is said that the first piece of gold ever taken in the United States belonged to this deposit, and was picked up in 1799 by Conrad Reed, a boy who lived in Cabarrus county, North Carolina. It was as large as a smoothing-iron, but was sold to a silversmith for \$3 50. Afterward much larger ones were found: one weighed twenty-eight pounds, according to tradition. This excited so much attention that exploration was begun, and the gold traced southward, until the borders of the Cherokee territory in Northern Georgia were reached, and prospectors began to encroach upon the reservation. Protests from the Indians naturally followed, and Georgia sent a large police force to keep back the invaders, but it was of little avail. The rush to the mines was much like the stampede to the Pacific Coast in 1849, and reckless, dissipated men from all quarters of the country flocked in, prowled about the woods, set up log-huts and shanty groceries on the streams, and paid no respect to the rights of the Indian, or any one else unable to defend them. Even United States troops were powerless to keep the lawless hordes west of the Chetahatchee, and here as elsewhere the discovery of gold was the end of Indian possession and aboriginal simplicity and charm.

These days are known as the period of "the intrusion"—one of the two dates from which mountain men reckon all events; the other being "the late war." Finding that no protection of the Indians by police measures was feasible, the State, in 1830, adopted the Indians, territory and all, and constituted the region a county called Cherokee, out of which several small counties have since been made. Then the mineral lands were divided up into forty-acre lots, and put up at lottery by the State. One of these lots, on the Yahoola river—No. 1052—now a part of the Hand Company's property, had already become celebrated. It was within the reservation, but men used to creep across to it at night, and carry home a meal-bag full of dirt, out of which they would pan from twenty to forty dollars next day. The instant it was ascertained that an old farmer down in the central part of the State had drawn this prize, shrewd speculators set off post-haste to buy it from him.

It soon came to be found here, as elsewhere, that gold was not to be picked up in twenty-eight pound lumps every day, nor did every bushel of soil pan out a double eagle. The worthless, lazy, and dissolute majority of the early horde of invaders gradually drifted away, while only the small minority of new-comers, whose accession was of real value to the community, remained. The population, like the dirt, was slowly panned out, and the current of events carried the road away. At present the mines are largely owned by corporations, or by private capitalists who are not residents of the district. Only two of the companies, however, are represented in the New York Mining Board, if I am rightly informed. It was found that as the gold occurred neither in extensive placers, like those of California, nor in indestructible quartz lodes, the method of mining in vogue here would not be successful here if the best results were to be obtained. The inventive genius and practical knowledge of those interested were therefore set to work to devise the best means of meeting the case, and it was speedily found that the talisman which alone would open the riches of the hills to human use was water. So far as this mere fact is concerned, it could hardly be called a "discovery," but the utilization of the idea, and the practical methods by which the enormous power of this natural agent has been put under the miner's control, are the work of Colonel Hand, to whom more than to any one else, belongs the credit of the splendid development of this industry during late years, and the glowing prospects it now holds out.

ENNIST INGENUITY, in Harper's Magazine.

"Tomb Thumb is showing himself in New England towns."

"Icee Wagon Come Nextee."

A short time ago the Hub of the Universe was visited by a terrible thunder storm, accompanied by a well developed sample of the Kansas tornado. Many lives were lost amongst the shipping along the Massachusetts coast, and especially in Boston harbor. The damage to glass in the City of Boston was very heavy. The next day after the storm one firm on Canal street reported the sale of two thousand panes of window glass. The whole performance was without a precedent in the memory of the oldest native. The startling appearance of the sky previous to the bursting of the shower warned travelers and pedestrians to seek cover. Among the many careless ones caught out in the storm was George B—, a young reporter on the Boston Telephone. He was caught by the shower on Hanover street and stepped into a doorway to wait until the heaviest was over. George had company in the doorway. There were two Chinese washee-washees from Howard street, and several less queenerous looking individuals, each and all of whom it would be safe to say, had not for a long time back had any very close relations with a laundry. The rain fell in torrents, and soon great hail-stones struck the sidewalk and rebounded a few feet in the air. Rushing out in the rain, the enthusiastic reporter got several specimens, drew a tape line from his pocket, measured them carefully and recorded the exact figures in his memorandum. Repeat this operation several times, he attracted the attention of some young clerks in the offices up stairs, who broke large chunks of ice from the block in the ice-cooler and threw them out to the reporter, who measured them carefully and recorded the result. Everyone in the doorway was awestruck at the size of the hail-stones, and the Chinamen were exhibiting eyes of an unusual roundness and prominence. One of the clerks in the office accidentally dropped the balance of the block of ice from which the monstrous hail-stones had been chipped and it came down and landed on the sidewalk with an immense crash. It must have weighed all of twenty pounds, and splattered the water right and left. Just at this instant came that awful crash of thunder that startled everyone who heard it, and of which the papers spoke the next day. This was too much for John Chinaman. They both ran yelling up the street in the driving rain, the last one saying as he cleared the doorway: "Whoopee up, hellee. Icee wagon come nextee. Good-bye, John."

Mennonites.

A large party of Mennonites arrived at New York the other day and they had with them what emigrants generally lack—a good supply of money. They were Mennonites, and had altogether \$100,000 with them, besides a large quantity of household goods. They were going West, and will, no doubt, make thrifty and peaceable citizens. This week there also arrived seventy-six Icelanders, who go to Minnesota to find homes less frigid than those they left. This is the first large party of Icelanders that ever came to the United States. They were preceded by a few prospectors, who selected the location of their settlement. There were fourteen families represented in the group, with a plentiful sprinkling of children and babies. The grown persons were mostly middle-aged, there being only three really old women in the party. The men were all vigorous and healthy looking, and they appeared perfectly able to take care of themselves in any country. The most noticeable thing about the women was the national head-dress, which nearly every one wore. It is made of black cloth and resembles nothing so much as the old-fashioned long net purses with a sliding ring in the center. One end of the head-dress is pinned close to the shoulder, and is ornamented with a shining metal ring from one to two inches wide. The United States is now the most cosmopolitan nation in the world, and seems likely to remain so if this mixed up emigration continues.—Detroit Free Press.

OSTRICHES.—It is reported that a grotesque genius some years ago conceived the idea of importing and utilizing ostriches for the United States cavalry instead of horses, and actually imported eighteen of these long legged birds. These laid numerous eggs in the sands of New Mexico, and the flock of ostriches now number 117 stalwart members. It is added that Colonel Hatch, of the Ninth Regiment of Cavalry, is about to mount one of his companies on ostriches. "They are strong, docile, fleet as a horse, will live for days without eating or drinking, and need little or no grooming." It is to be hoped these birds will not supplant horses in our army. Our cavalry have never, or at least, hardly ever, been known to fly, but if ostriches are introduced flying will become common. There will then be too many wings in the army, which hitherto has only had the right wing and the left wing. It would also be extremely difficult to prevent our troops from showing the white feather, in fact several white feathers. Besides it would be impossible to keep the guns, swords, etc., from these birds, as it is well known that they do not on such delicacies, while a lunch of ten-penny nails is their special delight. Any thinking man will see at once that the introduction of ostriches in our army would be calamity, and, indeed, taking it all in all, a foul innovation.—Detroit Free Press.

A novelty in decorat ion is to lay pieces of plate glass flat on the floor, and to border these mirrors with flowers; the effect is that of a silver lake, which reflects the flowers and the palm trees, which, in huge boxes, stand here and there in the halls and corridors. Upon the branches of these trees, or hanging from them, mounted on invisible wire, there are small birds with brilliant plumage, and beetles of green and gold; baskets are suspended from the ceiling, and the effect of the whole is lovely, like a dream of fairyland.

Is M. de Lesseps going to give it up.

Fashion Sprays.

Diamonds have very light settings. The perfums of flowers is a valuable disinfectant.

French boot heels are made lower than those worn formerly.

Silk bathing suits are the latest watering-place extravaganza.

An old wedding ring reads thus, "I do not regret I gave consent."

Wreaths have quite superseded the tiny silk caps at dinner parties and balls.

Paris girls are wearing long sailor neckties in polka dot satin, tied in loose knots.

Pockets are not so fashionable as formerly and large brooches are things of the past.

The favorite bridal flowers are orange, white lilac, lilies-of-the-valley and clematis.

Old fashioned shawls of Canton crape make the prettiest and most fashionable of mantles.

Eighteen new dresses a week is regarded as a minimum for the fashionable watering-place young lady.

The smallest scrap of genuine Florentine drapery of mediæval design is worth ten times its weight in gold.

Many fashionable dresses are made with the fan waist, in favor many years ago, and so becoming to slender figures.

Christening robes are generally supplemented by a sash of white satin or white gros grain ribbon about eight inches wide.

High colored embroidered satin and satin ribbons will be the trimming the coming season for rich silks and other heavy fabrics.

Imported black grenadine dresses for evening wear are all mounted on a satin foundation and white lace is used for trimming them.

A preference of fashion at the present moment is for Japanese-ornamented paper napkins. They are used at the fashionable afternoon teas.

The Boy Who Backed.

A day or two ago a lady living on Duffield street was summoned to the door to see a boy about twelve years of age, who had a cheap hat-rack to sell. When she appeared he said:

"Madam, my father is dead, and won't you please buy this hat-rack for twenty-five cents?"

She was sorry that his father was dead, but she didn't want the hat-rack. The next day the same boy and the same hat-rack returned, and the boy said:

"Madam, won't you please buy this hat-rack, for my mother is dead, too."

She was also dead, that she gave him a slice of bread and butter, but she didn't want to invest in a hat-rack. Two days later the boy called again, having the same identical rack under his arm, and he looked the lady straight in the eyes and said:

"Madam, won't you please buy this hat-rack, for my sister is also dead."

"My goodness! it is possible that you have lost father, mother and sister in one week?" exclaimed the lady.

"Yes, mum."

"And what ailed them?" she asked.

"I dunno, mum, but I kinder feel it in my bones that unless I sell this 'one hat-rack afore Saturday night, death will use up all the rest of our family and be going for other folks."

"If I buy this rack of you will you tell me the truth?"

"Yes, mum."

She handed him a quarter and asked: "Did your father, mother or sister die this week?"

The boy looked at her, hesitated, and then laid the quarter on the railing, picked up his hat-rack and said as he went down the steps:

"I only got five cents commish for selling these racks, and I can't afford to kill off three of the family and resurrect 'em again for any such figger! Good-bye, mum—it's a square back-down on me!"—Detroit Press.

On a Sweet Subject.

The amount of candy manufactured in this country is far greater than is usually thought, the Americans—the women, mainly—eating more, it is said, than all the rest of the world combined. New York has, until recently, made most of the candy; but now Boston is a large manufacturer. Within a few years, many small houses, mostly French, have sprung up here, and reduced the price materially. Boston has three large manufactories, employing some 300 workmen, and producing over 4,000 tons of candy annually. Not more than one-fourth of this is consumed in New England, the remainder going chiefly to the provinces and the West. Boston makes, altogether, more than 5,000 tons, using something over 25,000 barrels of sugar for the purpose. This city, it is estimated, makes about 6,500 to 7,000 tons which goes to all parts of the Union, a good deal of it being, it is said, exported to the West Indies, South America, and even to Europe. It has been supposed that French candies were the best; but we now make candy regarded as superior to those. Outside of Boston and New York, not much candy is made, though the Philadelphia make has considerable reputation. We are not, perhaps, as a people, so fond of sweet things as the Latin nations; but we have so much more money to spend that we buy far more than they can. The common people in Europe eat very few, if any, confections; but everybody here eats a good deal. Our children's tendency to indigestion has been traced to the eating of sweets; but this is probably not correct. We eat more candy than ever, but the national health is steadily improving.—N. Y. Times.

An exchange tells of two Ethiopians trading children. This answers in the affirmative that great conundrum which has vexed mankind for ages, viz: Can the Ethiopian change his kin?—Whitehall Times.

The Cost of a Newspaper.

Are we likely soon to have cheaper newspapers? You have all been confronted of late years, by an occasional growl like this: "Everybody has to take lower prices nowadays. Wages are down, the cost of living is down, everything else has come down to what it was before the war; why don't you put down the price of your paper?" But the newspapers have not come down to the prices before the war, and I make bold to say that the sagacious ones will not. The Philadelphia Ledger before the war was sold at one cent. I venture that price it will be many years hence, to predict that if it is ever again sold at the New York quarto dailies used to be furnished at two cents. Who thinks of seeing papers like those of to-day sold at two cents again?

A short answer to the inquiring growler may be readily given: "We will come down to ante-war prices whenever you are ready to accept an ante-war newspaper."

What that was few really remember. Looking over the files of the journal with which I am most familiar I have found that on the busiest days, and under the crowding excitements that preceded the rebellion, it was in the habit of receiving an average of between one and two columns of news by telegraph from all quarters, exclusive only of the reports of congressional proceedings. News from Europe all came by steamer. News from all the considerable cities of our own continent came mainly by post, when it came at all. Clippings from the exchanges were the chief source of supply. Even a great national nominating convention called for only something like two columns of telegraphing, and this was so spread out by profuse paragraphs and other cheap typographical tricks as to occupy double the space we should give it now. To-day your foreign news comes exclusively by the cable; your domestic news too comes exclusively by telegraph. A news letter from Chicago or St. Louis is almost unheard of, for the simple reason that the news has been told by telegraph before the letter could start. For the two columns in 1859, from all quarters by telegraph, we now have page after page printed, and sometimes as much more remorselessly thrown into the waste-basket—sent by telegraph and paid for, but not used, merely because the columns will not contain it.

I have mentioned the transmission of news by telegraph instead of the mails as one item in the increased cost of making the metropolitan daily newspaper of to-day. A dozen more might be enumerated. On no single one does any great newspaper depend for material retrenchment. To do so would be to abandon the field to its rivals. The public have been educated up to what they now receive, and would no more be put off with the newspaper of 1860 than they would tolerate again the slow mails, or the antiquated railroad accommodations of 1860.—Whitehall Times.

How Far Will Bees Go for Honey?

The precise distance that bees will fly in search of forage, I am unable to state. Some consider three miles to be the extreme limit, while others place it as high as twelve miles. The most satisfactory results may be expected, if abundant stores can be found within two miles. It is evident that they will work more freely upon blossoms at some little distance, than when these are very near the apiary. If I were to sow anything with a view to the supply of honey, I should prefer that it should not be in the vicinity of the hives. Their flights are evidently modified by local conditions. During the large yield from basswood in 1874, as the blossoms failed in the valley, the bees continued bringing in the same quality of honey, following the basswood day by day, as it opened on the hills, until the first week in August, when they still came in heavily loaded, but very tired from a long flight. I drove to the heights, six miles distant, and found that basswood was there just coming into bloom. I immediately moved 48 swarms to this location, and in the following week these 48 colonies gave me one ton of surplus honey, while the 71 swarms left at home did not secure one-half that amount, yet they continued working upon the same ground during the entire period. This is a fine illustration of the advantage of obtaining forage within a reasonably short distance. I have never had direct proof to the effect, yet there is ground for the belief that, if honey could not be found nearer, bees would not fly the distance named, without being gradually led along by newly opening blossoms as in the case mentioned.—Quincy's New Bee Culture.

HOW ZULU BOYS AND GIRLS FIGHT AND GET MARRIED.—Bishop Colenso has received from two Zulu warriors some facts about the fighting habits of their nation. Zuluz, they say, learn to fight at home at their fathers' huts when they are very little; for when they have a quarrel and fight it out, or boys of one hut will divide into two parties and fight with their sticks, or those of one hut will fight with those of another, and so they learn. They have no idea of putting one foot forward all together like the white soldiers; they just go.

The girls live at home and work for their fathers only. They may not marry until the king gives them leave. When he assents they may marry any man they like. But he does not assent until they have reached a certain age. They are all of them enrolled into regiments. So are the boys. Sometimes the king gives permission to a regiment of young men and to a regiment of girls at the same time to get married; but it does not follow that the young men all secure wives, as the girls may prefer men of other (previously permitted) regiments, or the young men may not possess any cattle, in which case, of course, no fathers will give them their girls.

Modesty in your furniture, equipage and words will show that your mind is well regulated, and your heart free from passion.

Cheerful People.

One melancholy person will mar the happiness of a household, particularly if he is an important member of the family. The father should not bring his business troubles home with him. Mothers have hundreds of little trials which fret the temper and cause the brow to cloud over; but if it can possibly be avoided, such troubles never should be made apparent to the family circle. Of course it may be hard to suffer all to one's self, and it is so often a relief to pour into the ears of the assembled family the tribulations of the kitchen or nursery; but this disposition is better checked in the beginning. The habit of complaining is one that grows unconsciously if indulged at all. If an air of cheerfulness is assumed, however little it may be really felt, the spirit itself will soon pervade the soul, and each effort to subdue the gloomy and fretful feelings will be found easier. No member of the family needs to feel the buoyant influences of hope more than the wife and mother. Let her particularly cultivate this habit of mind if her husband is inclined to despondency. Her influence upon him is incalculable. But many a woman renders herself unfit for this duty by ruining her temper and nerves by overwork. That's a bad plan, mother. Don't try to do too much. Never mind if the baby's frock is not finished; put it by until another day. Don't be bent upon hanging up the fresh curtains to-day; let them wait until you are not so tired. Don't work so hard as to unstring the nerves and make you incapable of proving yourself a cheerful companion to your husband and children in the evening. A brisk walk in the fresh air, a call on a pleasant neighbor, will give you something pleasant to think about, and will supply you with ideas for the tea-table chat. You cannot afford to be melancholy; so drive away dark care and be cheerful, for your own sake as well as that of the household whose happiness depends upon your smiles.

A Wonderful Boat.

We noticed, the other day, the launching of a novel surf-boat during the bath hour, but did not reach the party in time to procure any particulars as to the name of the patent, patentee, or the special qualities claimed for it. It was evidently of rubber, being carried down to the surf, were told, in a roll under a man's arm, and inflated with air previous to launching. It was propelled by a single boatman by means of a double-ended paddle, similar to that used with the Merriman suit. The boat went skimming about over the billows at a rapid rate. The apparent advantages would seem to be the dispatch with which it could be brought into service and launched by one man alone, and its non-liability to be swamped by the breakers.

Since writing the above, we have learned that the name of the gentleman who launched and exhibited the boat with so much skill is Captain Winthrop, of New York, former owner of the yacht Winwood, which secured so many prizes in the races last season. The boat is inflated by a bellows. Several persons can sit inside, while some twenty-five can be sustained in the water by clinging to her sides. When not in use, the boat can be folded up and packed in a trunk.—*Cape May Wave.*

Uncertainty of Wealth.

A gentleman who, twelve years ago, passed on from a series of visits among the aristocracy of birth in England to be the guest of several members of the aristocracy of wealth, said that he was much impressed by the signs of money in the latter case as compared with the former. In many of the stately homes of England, faded damask and threadbare carpets may be found in conjunction with beautiful old plate and fine pictures. Everything is of good quality, but it is frequently well worn out; whereas in the houses of the great money magnates the upholstery is new, fresh and resplendent, for that ready money which my lord and the squire so often lack is at hand. The aristocracy of birth have, however, had hitherto at least one signal advantage as compared to the others—permanency. The fleeting character of even the most splendid commercial fortunes is being painfully exemplified just now in the north of England. The home of Mr. Vaughan—whose father bequeathed him a palace in which the smoking-room cost \$150,000 and a single mantelpiece \$10,000—was in the market last month, and three weeks later a fruitless attempt was made to sell Gray Towers, the princely seat of another great Cleveland iron-master. The house had cost \$250,000, but only \$150,000 was bid for it, inclusive of the estate, 300 acres. Only those who have seen such places can realize how completely they illustrated the auctioneering phrase, "defiance of expenses." To fancy and to realize were one. These great northern commercial persons very rarely have houses in London, and, unless in Parliament, seldom make any effort to "get into society" there, but live in a world of their own around the seat of their business.

No EXTENSIVE CIRCUMSTANCES.—Early yesterday morning Daniel Adams, of Norwalk, Conn., stood out on the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Third avenue, and in loud tones said that he was Gen. U. S. Grant, just returned from the Eastern hemisphere. Office Carter arrested him, locked him up until he was sober, and then took him to the Harlem Police Court.

"What do you mean by saying that you are Gen. Grant?" asked his Honor. "Did I say it was Grant?" the prisoner inquired. "You did, and insisted upon it. Can you mention any reason why I should not give you ten days?" "No," said Adams, sadly shaking his head. "If I said it was Grant, ten days is not a bit too heavy punishment." He was committed.—*New York Sun.*

Which is the most ancient of trees? The elder.

Wit and Humor.

"Father, what is an Israelite?" "My son, an Israelite is a rich Jew." "And what is a Jew, father?" "A poor Israelite."

Shakespeare says "use strengthens habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who had a termagant wife, "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

A young lady was heard to remark in regard to her father's snoring, that "the neighbors all set out their wash tubs, thinking that a thunder-storm was coming up."

"One kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea captain, "and that's the courtship: 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no cap'n."

A German poet says that a young girl is a fishing-rod; the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love letters!" "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of them at home in my trunk."

It is said that a minister, in a country kirk in Scotland, stopped in the course of his sermon to ask a member who was somewhat deaf: "Are ye hearing, John?" "Oo, aye," was the response. "I am hearin', but to verra little purpose!"

"What is your business here?" asked an irate beauty of an Irish hotel servant, whom she found at her door. "To answer the belles, marm," said the ready Hibernian, with a look of respectful admiration, which won him a smile and a quarter.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening! if it would be agreeable to the company."

"You told me, sir, that the horse was entirely without fault, and yet he is blind." The dealer looked blandly into the face of the irritated countenance of the loser by the transaction, and said, with charming naivete, "I do not regard blindness as a fault, sir, it is a misfortune."

A Norwich tenant has been imported so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation the other day he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive remark, "Now, you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough in this town to buy up all your old houses."

One of Bishop Bloomfield's best sermons was uttered during his last illness. He had inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacon's charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on church yards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition."

Little Billy was told "Never to ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution, and was not served at all. "What could he do?" Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked: "Mamma, when little boys starve to death, do they go to heaven?"

WASTED SWEETNESS.—Fashionable fair in London. Solemn gentleman approaches tea-stand and asks the price of a cup. "One shilling," replied the saleslady, as pretty as a picture. The money is put down. The lady handing the fragrant decoction raises it to her rosy lips and smilingly says, "Now the price is a sovereign." Solemn gentleman takes up the little coin and puts down the large one, adding, in an undertone, "Be good enough to give me a clean cup."

An unlucky Irishman was once imprisoned for an infraction of the law. His faithful wife visited him and found him greatly cast down. With the intention of cheering him up, she said: "Arrah, be aisy, Paddy; shure ye'll have an upright edge to try ye, anyway." "Ah, Biddy," he groaned, "the devil an upright edge I want; 'tis wan that'll lane a little."

A correspondent gives, in the *North-Western*, this anecdote of Bishop Ames: "Six years ago the bishop presided at the Central New York conference, in Weedsport. The elders were reporting their districts. Rev. J. B. Foote, of Syracuse District, anticipating a falling off in the benevolent collections, was assigning the reasons. Among others, he said 'a severe storm during the summer had injured the crops in that region, especially the tobacco crop.' 'Well, brother Foote,' said the bishop, 'I most heartily endorse the divine administration in your district.'"

A Boston boy out riding with his father asked, if a certain street was named for Mr. B.—a well-known but not altogether popular citizen. "By no means," said his father, "it was not named for him but for his father, who was very popular and very much esteemed." The boy said nothing; so his father, who thought he saw a chance to preach a little sermon, continued: "It's very apt to be so. A boy has a father whom everybody loves and respects for his good qualities and abilities, but in too many cases the boy doesn't amount to anything." Said the boy after a pause, "Your father was very much esteemed, wasn't he, sir?"

A lady was the mother of a bright little boy about three years old. The whooping cough prevailed in their neighborhood, and the mother became very much alarmed lest her boy should take it. She talked so much about it, and worried over it, that she had infected the child with her fears to such an extent that he would scarcely leave her side. One night after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a donkey was driven past the house, and when just opposite, set up his he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of his voice: "The whooping cough is coming, mamma, the whooping cough is coming."

Facts About Spices.

If the consumption of spices in the United States were confined to the genuine articles which are imported from abroad, the allowance of each man, woman and child, would be about one-third of a pound for all kinds (including ginger, pepper and mustard), per annum; for the total yearly importations average about 15,000,000, valued last year at \$1,986,217. Cinnamon, which is the bark of an evergreen tree—a species of the laurel family that grows to a height of thirty-five or forty feet—comes from the island of Ceylon, from Malabar, Java and Sumatra, and from Coochin China. Cassia, or "bastard cinnamon," as it is sometimes called, comes from China and Java. It is the bark of the young shoots of the cassia tree.

The cloves of commerce are the unexpanded buds of the clove tree, a native of the Moluccas, for Spice Islands, which grow to the average height of twenty to twenty-five feet, and yields about twelve pounds of buds per annum. The "Zanzibar cloves," which comprise a part of the imports into this country, come from the east coast of Africa, and are inferior to the Amboynas, Benocoolas and Penangs from Asiatic sources. Ginger is the root of a kind of reed that grows in the East and West Indies, in China, in Malabar, and to some extent in all tropical countries. It is an annual, and reaches a height of about three feet, and leaves very much like our Indian corn. It is now largely cultivated in the West Indies, whence is derived the Jamaica ginger which is so common in this country. There are two kinds of ginger—the black and the white. The former consists of the inferior roots which have been steeped in boiling water previous to being dried in the sun. White ginger is made from the roughest and finest roots scraped clean and then dried carefully without being scalded.

Mace and nutmegs are both products of a tree which is commonly known as the "nutmeg tree," a native of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet. The nutmeg is the kernel of the nut which forms the fruit of the tree. Mace is the membranous covering or burr of the black shell in which the nutmeg is inclosed. The principal source of the nutmeg and mace of commerce are Penang, Batavia, Amboyna and Banda, but the tree is being introduced elsewhere.

The common black pepper of commerce is the product of a slender climbing plant or vine which is cultivated extensively upon the slopes of mountains, in the southern section of both British and farther India, as well as in Java, Sumatra and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. The vine begins to bear in its fourth year and continues to flourish for five or six years. At the end of the branches are bunches of berries, each berry containing a single seed of a hot and fiery taste, and of an aromatic flavor. From this the pepper is obtained. White pepper, which is not so well known in this country, comes from the same plant. Red pepper, or cayenne, grows in the East Indies, in Chili, and to some extent in our own Southern States. This plant is an annual, and its fruit is in the form of round or heart-shaped pods, of a red or yellow color. It is largely used in the form of Cayenne pepper.

Pimento, or as it is often called, "all-spice," because its odor and flavor somewhat resemble a combination of cloves, cassia and nutmegs—is the product of an extremely handsome tree, which is a native of the Caribbean islands, but which is cultivated in the East Indies, the pimento comes from the berries, which are carefully picked when they are green, and are subsequently sorted and dried.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

A Georgia Hero.

The following thrilling incident occurred at a picnic not long since. It cannot be read without a shudder: "A little child, Emma Jones, fell over the steep side of Stone mountain, which has a perpendicular height of 1,600 feet. The little thing caught on a ledge of rock and by sticking her fingers in the crevices managed to hold on until an alarm was carried to the town, three miles off. At once stores were closed, houses locked and the whole population, with the fewest exceptions, hurried to the mountain. The child was fifty feet below the brink, having slid rather than fell outright. She was considerably bruised. At length Jerry Goldsmith was found, who was let over the brink with a stout rope. He reached the child just as she was exhausted and was drawn to the top amid the most intense excitement. The mother awaited the child at the brink. A man and a dog had formerly fallen over the same place.

A BLIND RAT LED BY A STRAW.—Since our notice of the extraordinary large rat at the Police Station with voice like a human, we have heard many rat stories. One told by a reliable gentleman we think worthy of repeating. He says some years ago he was living at a farm, the barn of which was burned, and with it many rats. Some of the little fellows escaped however, with serious injuries, and took up their abode under piles of lumber near a creek. At this place the strange circumstance he tells of occurred. One came out, drank, and returned with a straw in his mouth. Walking up to the lumber, he pushed the straw under, and presently another came out, holding the other end of the straw. The first then started for the creek, leading his companion (who was afterward found to be blind) to the water. After the blind one had drank, they returned in the same manner. The gentleman says he witnessed the proceeding, and will vouch for the truth of the statement.—*Columbia (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

"How is it, miss, you gave your age to the census taker as only twenty-five, when you were born the same year as I was; and I am thirty-nine?" "Ah, you have lived much faster than I, sir."

The white and black striped silks have black velvet facings edged with black Breston lace of heavy pattern, in a striped design that plaits effectively.

The Utilization of Labor.

"Six cadets have been expelled from West Point for hazing," the news columns of the press inform us. And while we are all agreed that hazing is a barbarous custom, that it requires all the qualities of the bully and none of the man, and while we admit that the government is not interested in giving an education to a band of young ruffians, yet we are sorry these six cadets have been expelled. We think the government could have done better with them. Six young men, dreadfully anxious to make somebody, just thirsting for somebody's scalp, aching to pound a smaller boy in a lower class, bent the whole six of them, on holding somebody out of the window by the legs—why just think what the government might not have done with all this raging, pent-up valor. It should not have thrown these young men away, depriving the United States of their valuable services in future years. The government should have utilized them. It should have given these young men ample scope and vent for their reckless, dare-devil courage.

For instance, it might have given them full permission and the broadest authority to do all the hazing they pleased. And then, as a commission is an empty honor without the occasion and the field wherein to exercise it, these sucking Napoléons could have been transported to the far northwest, within easy reach of Sitting Bull and his braves, and turned loose on them. Then, with the restraint of hazing restrictions and rules binding their free arms, these young men might have disposed themselves to their heart's content. All the ingredients for a good time and the display of their personal bravery and prowess would be right there. There were the hazers, ready, willing and anxious to haze somebody; there were the Indians, waiting to be hazed. And we know that after six West Point cadets had hazed Sitting Bull and his mob of freshmen, that the Indian would be over. At least, there would be no more hostilities until the Government sent out to Sitting Bull a fresh supply of cadets.

Or, the Government might have saved these cadets and turned them loose on the tramps that infest the country. We can conceive of no more effective anti-tramp measures than a patrol of six college students, anxious to haze somebody. They could not walk a mile without finding a tramp to practice upon. And when they should light upon a camp of these modern gypsies, how fast and furious would grow the fun. One in a while they might even have the rare good fortune to light upon such a tramp as Frank Rande, and when through with him they would have acquired some new and valuable ideas in regard to the theories and strategic points of hazing. It is very singular the government did not think of the tramps. These turbulent cadets, after a few months' service in tramp hazing, would have returned to West Point thoroughly satisfied. Having done enough hazing to last them three or four years, per or course, through their academic course tranquil and peaceful as so many gorged lions.

There is no necessity for casting out of the country's service the young men whose pugnacious natures reach out for something to destroy. There is plenty of material in the United States that needs destruction, and these young men can be turned loose upon that. There are Indians to destroy and tramps to pulverize and communists to sit down upon, and jurymen who would add to the intelligence of the world by getting themselves killed. Do not throw these young cadets away uselessly. The government should ponder upon the moral conveyed in the old, oft-told story of the Irishman who, at a theater one night when a most villainously discordant orchestra, playing out of time, tune and harmony, was setting the teeth of the audience on edge. Presently there broke out a fight in the gallery, during which there arose cries of "throw him over the railing! Throw him into the pit!" The son of Erin sprang to his feet in an instant. "Don't waste him," he yelled, waving his arms excitedly and pointing toward the orchestra. "Don't waste him, kill a fiddler wid him!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

FALSE ECONOMY AND THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT.—It will be remembered that after one structure on the Eddystone rock had been destroyed by storm and another by fire, John Smeaton undertook the task which was successfully completed more than 100 years ago. He secured a perfect foundation for the massive pile by an ingenious system of dove-tailing, which fixed the rock courses of stone into the solid lower roof. But he discovered that the entire work was finished, a small cavern in the rock immediately under the foundation, which might, he thought, prove a source of trouble at some distant period in the future. He estimated the cost of filling up and properly cementing at \$1,250, and recommended it should be done immediately. But it never was done, and the incessant action of the waves, assisted perhaps by the weight and vibrations of the tower above, has enlarged the cavern until the foundation can no longer be torn down. The old lighthouse will be torn down to the high-water level and a new one built about 100 feet southeast of it. Had Smeaton's advice been followed, there is every reason to believe that the building with which his name is inseparably associated would have stood forever.

Happiness is a frail plant which seldom lives long on earth. It springs up when it will; often in quiet, shady nooks and corners, but seldom in cultivated gardens. It often blooms where one would least expect it and then suddenly and unexpectedly dies.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION AND A HEALTHY SKIN can never be obtained while the pores of the skin are obstructed, or the blood is in an impure condition. Dr. Jay's Alternative will, however, restore the purity of the skin, and will thoroughly cleanse the blood. It will also remove the obstinate state of the pores, and free the perspiration from all impurities and gross particles. A trial will establish its efficacy.

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If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same. It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and other skin diseases. If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

TESTIMONIALS.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1897.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
"The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in procuring your 'PHOSPHATE SOAP' best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it."
C. M. SAWYER, M. D., 120 Oapp street.
SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27, 1897.
Gentlemen:
I received a package of your soap (Phosphate Soap) and it gives me great pleasure to testify as to its superior excellence. As a toilet soap I have never seen anything to surpass it. It also possesses superior remedial qualities. I have used it in two cases of obstinate skin disease, one of intolerable itching, Pruritus, the other an Eczema. In both great relief was obtained. Its emollient properties are remarkable. Respectfully,
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D., 126 O'Farrell St.
To the Standard Soap Company.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 1, 1897.
Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
I have tried your PHOSPHATE SOAP and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents. HENRY H. LYNN, 615 Haight street.

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Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
We have been giving your PHOSPHATE SOAP a pretty fair trial, and we like it the best of any soap for toilet use that we have found on this Coast. We have little doubt that it will meet with universal favor. MRS. R. R. JOHNSTON, 1016 Kirkham street.

We have used the PHOSPHATE SOAP in our practice, for cleaning indolent ulcers, and also skin diseases, pimples and eruptions of the face, so often seen in the young of both sexes, and can heartily recommend it to the public as the most remedial agent of the kind that we have used.—S. F. Medical Library Journal.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid, on receipt of 95 cents in stamps.
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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, EDITOR.
WOODLAND, CAL., SEPT. 27, 1879

Don't Talk Too Much.

Some of the young folks of to-day remind us of talking machines, wound up, and apparently never likely to run down. Now, I don't mean to condemn talking entirely. In fact, I rather like to encourage it, where it is done within the bounds of reason and propriety. But some boys and girls talk all the time, everywhere, and about everything. They won't even allow another to get a word in edgeways.

There is a time to talk and a time to keep still. Once in a while, at any rate, a chance should be afforded your friends to put in a word or two. When older people are speaking, it would look well for youngsters to keep their mouths shut. When some one is reading, it is ill manners to interrupt, to call attention to trivial matters, of no sense or interest. When another is speaking, wait until he or she gets through before you say your say, and do not take the word out of any one's mouth. It didn't use to be so in olden times, if our grandparents tell the truth and I don't see any good reason why it should be so now. When two persons are talking at once to another, it confuses the listener, and one should not be surprised if he misunderstands and gets things mixed. It is a difficult matter for a person to fix his attention, perfectly, on any two things, at once, and get sense of it. There is bound to be confusion.

GOOD ADVICE TO READERS.—If you measure the value of study by the insight you get into subjects, not by the power of saying you have read many books, you will perceive that no time is so badly saved, as that which is saved in getting through a book in a hurry. For if to the time you have given you had added a little more, the subject would have been fixed on your mind, and the whole time profitably employed; whereas, upon your present arrangement, because you would not give a little more you have lost all. Besides, this is overlooked by rapid and superficial readers—that the best way of reading books with rapidity is to acquire that habit of severe attention to what they contain that perpetually confines the mind to the single object it has in view. When you have read enough to have acquired the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that, as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed, the more you will be sure to err.—*Sydney Smith.*

A little fellow in Norwich, Conn., rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused the "Origin of Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration a few moments, and then rushing into the house he met his grandmother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady in her usual candid way. "Well," said the grandson, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done!"

"The coming man"—immi-Grant. Motto for the married—Never dispair.

Racing is a pretty turf thing on horses.

A people is the coupon of a buck-wheat cake.

Marriage on a train may be termed a railroad tie.

'Tis butter step from the pantry to the kitchen.

It's a wives' son that knows his own father-in-law.

An anonymous article—A baby before it is christened.

The postage stamp knows its place after it has been licked once.

"Here's a rum go!" exclaimed the toper, as he emptied his glass.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

"A good workman is known by his chips"—and so is a good poker player.

A few lemons and lots of squeezing can generally be found on picnic parties.

Go to the dishonest grocer, consider his weighs and be wise enough to avoid him.

F. B. CHANDLER,

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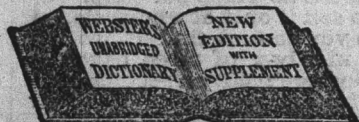
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The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda
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POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

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Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a full assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

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We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

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H. H. LINNELL & CO.
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BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE FANCY GROCERIE S

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in San Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

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Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

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